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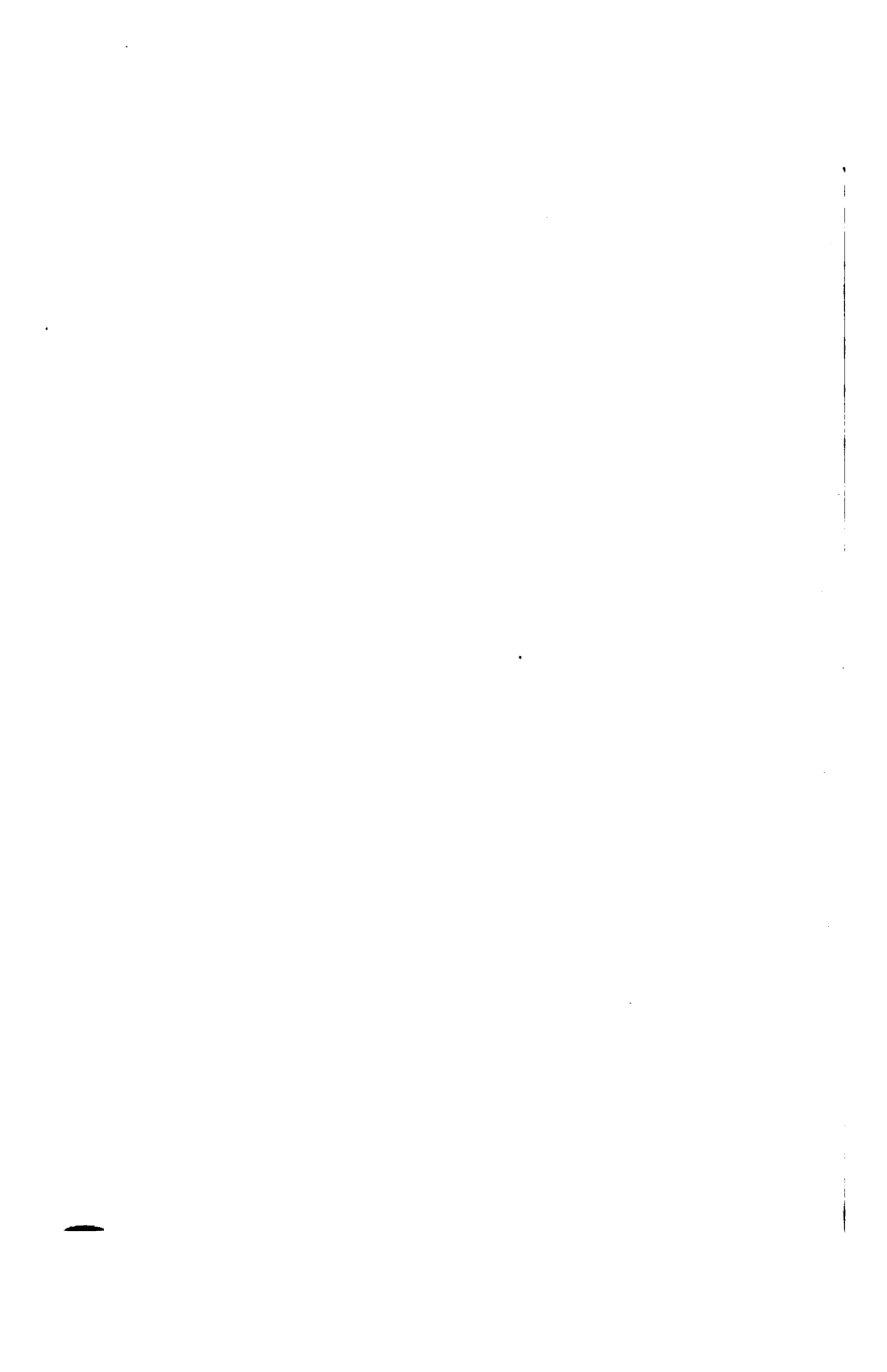
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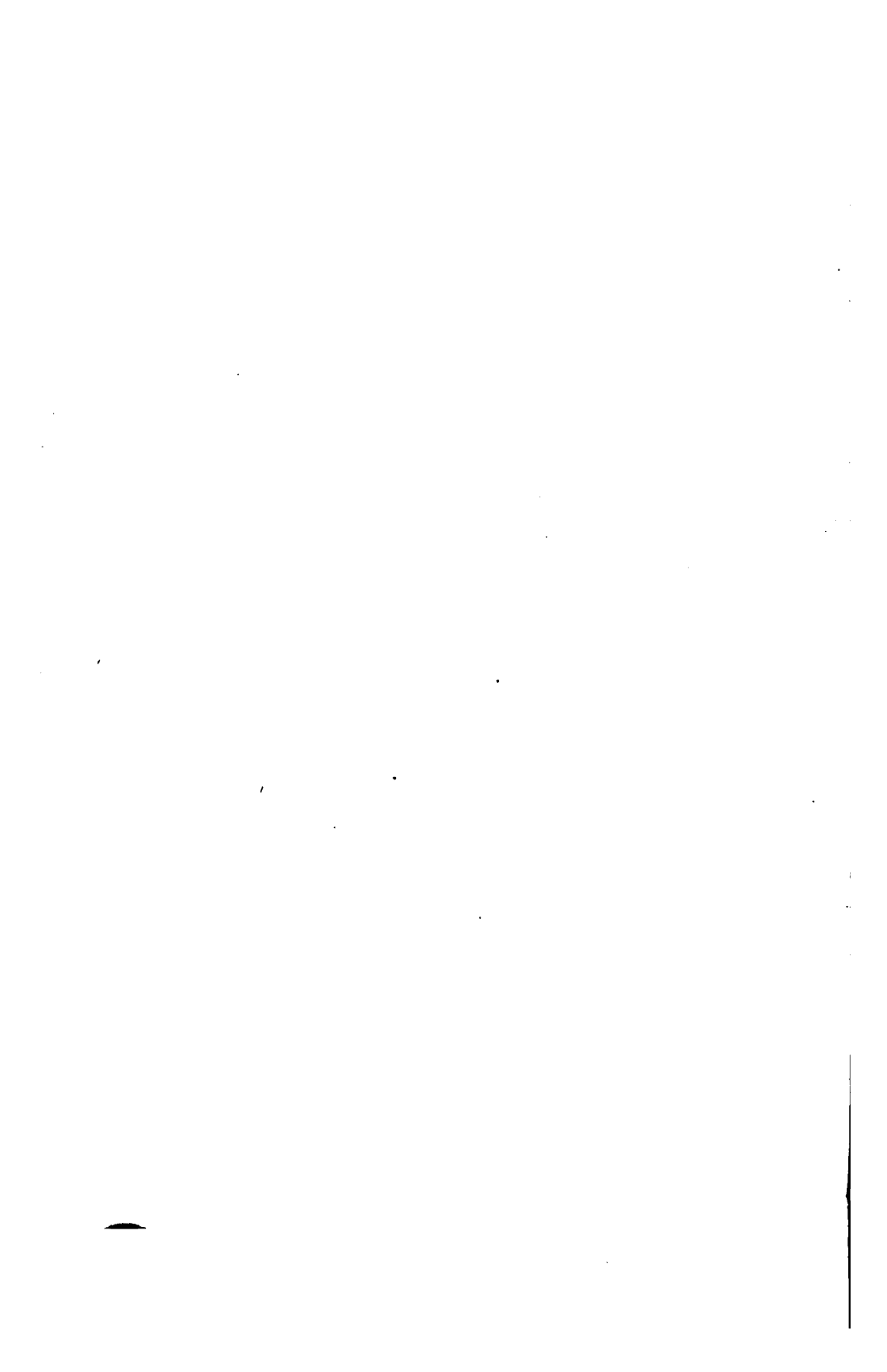
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Harold and Ada

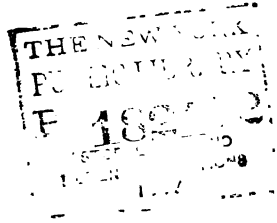
and

Other Poems

By

Albert J. Neil

**PITTSBURGH PRINTING COMPANY
518-520 SEVENTH AVENUE
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Copyright 1906
by
Albert Joseph Heil

To My Ideal of an Industrious Citizen
and My Friend Since Boyhood Days

William H. Brooker

This Book is Dedicated by the Author

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Harold and Ada

"A plain unvarnished tale unfold."—Shakespeare.

CANTO I.

"April, the month of the farmer, has entered the field of the
new year,
Ploughing the meadows yet sere and asinging a tune in his
rapture!
Sweetly the robin her matin-hymn chanteth to heaven and
mankind;
Soon will she gather her twigs and with mud will she plaster
her snug nest,
There, on the cherry-tree, just where the several branches
have union;
Close by the house doth the robin her sheltering cradle
remodel.
Soon will she see, when in June the aurelian sun has
enripened
Cherries and berries, her nest-bed o'erhung with the crimson
and rounded
Presents of June-time and soon will the blossoms appear in
the orchard!
Then from his cottage the farmer may look and his counte-
nance brighten;
Then will the bees and the insects of air be ahumming and
buzzing—
Nature has given them tasks to perform in the glorious
Spring-time:
Some on their wings bear the pollen that fructifies trees and
the flowers,
Some on their legs—and behold, the gay butterfly powders
her beauty;
Then when she am'rously presses a posy, the generous
zephyr
Blows from her wings the soft germ-dust, the seed, which
will enter the chalice,
Where, like a mud-turtle's egg in the sand, it is nurtured and
brings forth
Life—O, the sapience shown by the head of our old mother,
Nature!
Sarah, believe me, the field nigh the barn-yard will prove an
enchanted
Paradise verily, whence all our honey-bees gather their
manna!
Then nigh the woods there, the stumps are still standing,
the clearing, I plan it—

Needeth the plough! 'Tis a task I shall set for our Harold
this April;
See, he is sixteen to-day; he is stout for his age and is ruddy;
Why, at his years, I had turned the hard sod on full many a
meadow;
Daily I harnessed my horses and learned from the bees and
the insects,
Industry early in life. And the lessons I gathered from Nature.
Truly, dear wife, are as good as the morals notated in school-
books!
Had I not listened to provident Nature, our house would to-day
not
Stand, as it does here—the finest appearing among all the
homesteads.
Note how the robin now gathers her twigs, why my Sarah, I
tell you,
Harold shall cease for the year, in attending and sitting in
school-rooms!"
She, the good wife, rosy-cheeked, had returned from the barn-
yard; her milk-cans
Neatly disposed—as resplendent as silver, she filled with the
white milk;
Then, when her husband she heard, she her arms placed
akimbo, and answered:
"Much do I find in your judgments, which meriteth praise on
the first sight,
Yet, while revolving your speech to the light of mine own
arbitration,
Faults do I note or defects shall I call them, good Richard,
my husband?
Can I deny that your industry built us this dwelling, I daresay,
Finest of all here for miles, even grander than Justice Van
Stetter's,
There at the cross-roads, which once was the boast of our
village of Wexford?
Nay, that I cannot and doubt not that Nature a mother is
truly,
Who, like all women, instructeth the young; like all women,
I venture
Farther to say, hath the art and the influence which over
men do
Mightily rule—a most beauteous woman is Nature, our mother,
Charming the stern hearts of men with her manifold graces,
as you said,
I, with my beauty of grey eyes and light hair with love did
enkindle
You, in your youth; when at school, I recited a poem, I think
'twas
Titled: The Lady from over the Rhine, and you said that
thereafter,
Ever at night in your dreams, did I haunt you and sleep was
a stranger.
Furthermore truth did you speak, when you told me, to-day
our young Harold

Sixteen doth number his years; he is stout, he is ruddy and favors
Me, in his feature; his eyes and his hair are like mine in resemblance;
See, he doth favor the Beasers, a lightly complexioned, light-hearted
Race! Then at school, I am told, he excels all the others in learning;
'Twas but last week, I recall, Ada Roland, the teacher, informed me,
Harold at figures was best and in history none could surpass him—
Penmanship, spelling—he spelled down the oldest and brightest of scholars;
Kitty Devine, for a long time, the foremost at spelling and writing,
Yielded to Harold the palm; therefore, Richard, good husband, I pray you,
Think o'er it well—let our boy go to school till the June-days arriving,
Bring him vacation; why you and the hired man can manage our acres;
School-days with Nature and lessons we gather from landscapes and insects,
Always we have, but the teachings of childhood, the school-days of art are
Quickly bespent and they never return as the Spring of each year does!
Then in dear youth, when the mind is unsullied, nor tortured by rude cares,
Knowledge will find a smooth path and a haunt in the depth of the brain-cells.
Therefore, I favor that Harold continue his schooling till June-time;
Ne'er have we had such a teacher as Ada, the children and parents
All say together—a graduate she from the halls of old Bryn Mawr,
Young is she too, seventeen, I believe, did her years number last month,
When our young Harold requested a gift that he might on her birth-day,
Give unto her and I ordered a parasol, having a gold-knob, Which to the city I took and her name had engraved on the gold part.
Joyfully then did our Harold proceed with the present enshielded
Well in a silk-case—a small recompense for the wisdoms she taught him.
Think o'er it well—let our Harold be studious yet in his boyhood!"
Then did her husband a serious countenance wear and he further:
"Wife, as you know well, with books I was ever but slightly acquainted;

Truly admit I that brain-work full often surpasses hard labor,
Done by the hand—for behold, I will cite you an instance, a
proof here:
Do you recall, how, when planning the windings and area
covered
Here of our house, the bold architect told me a figure that
reached well
Up in the thousands? And you, taking pencil and paper aid
figure
Different answer, whereat the constructor shamefacedly ad-
mitted
He was in error, and you by your scholarly twisting of figures
Did, I confess, save me hundreds of dollars—and further it
gives me
Pleasure to hear that our Harold at figures doth follow his
mother,
As in resemblance of feature, and proud am I further, in
noting
How he surpasses at school all the children of Wexford in
hist'ry—
But then enough is enough! If our Harold, excelling all others,
Quits now his books, I am sure, he is qualified well for a
farmer;
Yes and a future young master of this, our good homestead;
too much lore
Starveth the body; sixteen—why, my dear Sarah, already at
sixteen
I had a promise from you, why, our Harold in love with his
learning,
Really might overlook hereabout—many promising maidens;
He, who in boyhood has framed an ideal, shall never regret it;
For, then the eye is most clear and the heart like an unfur-
rowed meadow,
Which by the breath of a May groweth flowers of excellent
beauty.
Why all the earth is most gladsome when young the year
courteth the Spring-time,
Then sprout the joys which the Summer demurely can never
afford us,
Thoughtfully reared. And a boy is a young year whose eye is
delighted,
Best by the visage of maidens whose fairness no care has
befurrowed—
Sarah, I know this! Myself was a boy once, an innocent young
year;
You were my Spring-time; your eyes I compared to the
heavens in May-time.
Then, did I not say that roses had sprung in your cheeks,
as I pinched them,
Homeward returning from milking the cows? O, that mem-
orable May-eve!
Did I not say, that your full, heaving bosom was surely a
hill-side,
Covered with flowers; for well did I know that your bosom
grew virtues?

And when I asked, did you love me, you blushing gave me
a wet kiss,
Which I compared to a shower of Spring, for my love it did
freshen.
Reason it o'er and full well shall you know that the love of
a boy is
Sacred and true and immaculate too, as the lily of Easter!
Then, as we sow in the Spring, why accordingly reap we the
harvest!
Therefore, 'twere best that our Harold forsake for a season
his school-books,
Lest he neglect the good primer of Love and its alphabet never
Learning, our boy can not read the sweet teachings of con-
jugal living."
Then did the good-wife a moment reflect, then retorted, half-
smiling:
"Richard, 'tis true that a boy's love is rightly a gem, which a
maiden
Ever might wear in her heart, as experience taught me in
girlhood;
Truly, your love did protect me from flattering dudes of the
city,
Who, shame to tell, would first win, then seduce, then forsake
a poor rustic
Maiden—remember the fate of Elizabeth Miller, our school-
mate;
How she did yield to the flattering tongue and the promises
given
By a bold chap from the city, who, having disgraced the poor
maiden,
Left her to pine and she never again saw the face of the
charmer;
Nursing her babe, in the days of her shame, she used often
to warn me
Saying: 'Friend Sarah, ne'er list to the words of a city-
deceiver!'
Yes, I confess, 'twas the love of a boy that preserved me from
ruin.
Then, are not women but pitiful vessels on seas of affection?
Can not a flattering breeze drive them hither and thither to
ruin,
Aye, on the rocks of disgrace, as they list? Now, prepare for
the good news,
Happy I am to inform you, that Harold has chosen a maiden;
True, he has never yet told me, but tales I have heard from
the school-girls,
Which would reveal that our Harold has truly been smitten
by beauty.
Once, as you were, in your boyhood." Then she, the good-
wife heard this question:
"What!—Has the boy then, the foresight and brains of his
father? Dear Sarah,
Verily pleased am I now and I trust he has chosen Amanda,
Daughter of neighbor Van Stetter, the wealthiest man in the
village.

Or, do you know, wife, the name of his choice? Is she wealthy
and pretty?
Yesterday noon, as I passed by the house of our neighbor, he
called me
And to the cellar we went, where the cider he keeps and in
giving
Me a full glass of his favorite barrel, he told me, half-earnest:
'Just as I give you to drink, why just so would I give mine
Amanda
Over to Harold; my girl hath no love for the lad from the
city,
Leonard Leroy, who went hunting with me last November and
stayed here
Fully a month at our house; though a medical youth of the
city,
Truly he loved our Amanda; why once, as I went to the stables
Did I not see him awooling the girl, but she startled him
saying:
Father would never forgive you at seeing you, kissing his
daughter,
Here at her duty of feeding the cows. Then the bright youth
perceiving
Me in the distance, shamefacedly pretended to help at the
milking.
Therefore, 'tis proof, that the girl doth not love him, for surely
she would not
Shield from her father her maiden affection and lately she
groweth
Serious too and speaks much of your Harold and says she
would wed him,
Though he be young and herself by six months his affectionate
senior.
Verily, Richard,' he said, 'I would give all the farm and the
homestead
Dowry to her, should she wed in the June-time your promis-
ing Harold!'"
But the good-wife turned away to the hill-side her saddening
grey eyes,
Thinking again of the words of Elizabeth Miller, she queried:
"Has then the man, who had kissed fair Amanda, ne'er written
a word since?
If he doth love her, rejected he be, still his heart would be
longing
Yet for the girl of his choice!" But her husband right readily
answered:
"Far has he gone, to the westward, 'tis said, to brood over
his sorrow;
Ne'er a word sent, for in silence a sad heart is ever en-
shrouded."
Then the shrewd wife dreamed of evils to come and she hur-
riedly answered:
"Not for a year or for two years perhaps, shall our Harold
be wedded!
Husband, bethink, 'tis a scheme that is laid to deceive our
good Harold,

Ne'er has he loved bold Amanda and I do approve the omission!
But if the truth you would know,—why, our boy is in love with his teacher!"

As when the quail, upon hearing the tread of the hunter, in sudden
Noises the air do disturb in their passage, O, thus rose the anger
Forth from the husband, who, scratching his head, in his fury
then plucked off
Blades of green grass and he said, while his eyes like a lion's
were glowing:

"Wife, who do tell me this news in an unconcerned manner,
as if you
Even took pride in the choice of our boy! By the thunders,
I swear here,
Ne'er shall he bring a smart schoolmarm to ruin your dishes,
your household!

What doth she know of the duties of farmers? A school-
marm, indeed, wife!

Mad is the boy and yourself—you are prejudiced 'gainst the
Van Stetters!

Am I not master at home, here? If so, Ada Roland shall never
Bride be to Harold! What know we of her and her kinsfolk,
I ask you?

Nothing indeed! Why, perhaps, who may know, she a widow
divorced is!

Often I read in the papers, each day there's a case in the court-
rooms,
Where, now the wife, now the husband seeks freedom from
wedlock! I tell you,
Fortunate he, who in buying a horse, knows his qualities
proper;

Who, may I ask, buys a steed, that he never has seen, nor
has heard of?

Just so, it is in the choosing of wives and of husbands; more-
over,
Poverty-stricken, forsooth, is the damsel, who fain would
ensnare here,
Harold, our boy, by her dark eyes and tresses—a wandering
gypsy!

Forced by necessity ever to teach and 'twas charity gave her,
(She has herself so declared) a brief course at the school of
old Bryn Mawr,
Somewhere down East, in this wealthy old state, of our own
Pennsylvania!"

Thus did he close, when the hired man came forth with the
plow and the horses,
Singing a song as he went and the chip-munks were chirping
on fence-rails.

But the good-wife with her apron the tears wiped away from
her grey eyes.

Then did the boy, happy Harold appear on the porch with his
school-books;

Bright was his eye and his light hair was combed in a decor-
 ous fashion,
 Then to his mother he went and he bade her good-bye, on de-
 parting,
 Speedily choosing the lane that would lead him to Chapel Hill
 school-house.
 Then did his father, in shaking his head, speak again to the
 sad wife:
 "Rather behind the good plow would I see our young Harold
 this April,
 Not behind books and on Sunday he visits with me the Van
 Stetters!
 Did I not promise him, wife, as the husband to blooming
 Amanda?
 Shall I not keep then, a promise? O Sarah, pray cease you
 aweeping!
 Women are tender and seldom they look to the things of
 advantage."
 Then did he take up his ax and proceed to the stumps on the
 clearing.
 But the good wife said again as she took down the milk to
 the spring-house:
 "Not for a year, nor for two years, perhaps, shall our Harold
 be wedded!
 For I perceive that Amanda Van Stetter is seeking a husband,
 Whose noble name she would use as a cloak to protect her
 from gossip.
 For I have noted her lately, she listened forsooth to the
 charmer:
 Soon will her fate be the fate of unhappy Elizabeth Miller!"

CANTO II.

Down in a valley, surrounded by oak-trees and maples, the
 school-house
 Stood, like a temple of Wisdom where seeds were implanted
 in children—
 Seeds of the virtues and seeds of good hopes and the being
 who planted,
 Lo! Was a maiden, who numbered but seventeen years—
 Ada Roland!
 Ye, who would know of the charms of this maiden, O hearken
 a moment:
 Dark were her eyes, like the mystical eyes of a houri; her
 hair were
 Brown as the chestnut; her lips like the cherries of June-
 time, where ever
 Played a sweet smile and her cheeks full and fair and as pale
 as the lily.
 Lo! Not a wrinkle had crossed the fair white of her forehead,
 o'er which stood,
 Crowning it all, the luxurious wealth of her tresses; her ears
 were

Pinky and dainty and delicate too—O, thrice, happy the lover,
Who might in them whisper passionate love-words; her neck
 had the whiteness
Which alabaster doth wear, which a snowy, white ribbon en-
 compassed;
Ivory-white were her teeth—O, the maiden was truly a
 goddess!
Tall and yet slender her build and her step showed the grace
 of a princess!
Round her curved hips clung a close-fitting skirt and her
 bosom was veiled o'er
Well by a black, silken waist, like a cloud shielding heaven
 from men's eyes.
Modest was she and she liked not the flattery given her
 beauty;
Many a farmer's son dreamed of the maiden and many a
 school-boy
Vainly did hope for a day when he might make his teacher his
 consort!
Diligent she and the teaching she gave, like the seed in the
 Scriptures,
Which produced ten-fold, fell not on a rock, but in memory
 bedded,
Where, as it progressed, bore virtue, by making of boys, men
 of honor.
And of the maidens, wise virgins discreet, who in after years
 bloomed forth
Excellent wives for their husbands—O, blessed, indeed, such
 a teacher,
Who, like a mother doth cradle domestic and civil ambitions,
Still in their childhood! But now, let us tell how the school-
 room arranged was:
There, to the left sat the boys, who but twenty collectively
 numbered,
For, some at home were detained to assist in the ploughing
 of meadows.
Lo! On the right, in their calico dresses, the girls, neat-
 appearing!
Separate they from the boys, for an aisle came between. On
 a platform,
Simple yet neat, stood the desk, where the teacher her pencils
 and ink had;
Then behind this, hung the black-board, where scholars arith-
 metic practised.
Higher suspended a motto there was, in a plain, wooden frame
 held,
Saying that Idleness mother of vice is—and other such
 maxims,
Which set the mind of the scholar to read, then to ponder the
 meaning.
Loud rang the bell, at the hour of nine and it summons the
 pupils;
Then, when assembled, the teacher called out in a sweet and
 distinct voice,

First the long role; then she asked in a prayer the blessing
of Heaven.
Then an old hymn did they all sing united, then quickly
proceeded,
First with their readers; on one bench the boys, on the other
the girls sat.
Harold, the first in his class, how she often cast glances upon
him!
Then, when he looked all confused in her eyes, she with
blushes was covered.
Handsome the youth and the brightest in all the good village
of Wexford!
Though in her heart she concealed all her feelings, at times
she betrayed them;
Often the girls, who were older, could read how their teacher
affected
Sternness to Harold, for the maiden had favorites none, yet
'twas torture
Even to chide for his faults, the fresh youth, she so secretly
favored,
She unaware of his longing and the boy in his hopeless affec-
tion,
(As he believed) could not dream that an angel could wed,
even love him.
Manly and firm rang the voice of the boy, at his lesson
reciting;
Lo! 'Twas "Maud Muller," a poem by Whittier, which he
recited.
Sadly his voice on the last simple verses dwelt longingly,
ling'ring,
Verses that told, that "of all the sad words or of tongue or
of pen," why,
"Saddest" and dreariest those which portrayed "that it might
yet have been," though!
Then in his heart, rose a feeling of sorrow, and often he
pondered
Over the truth of the words, from the pen of poetical Whittier.
Then did he dream, how the maiden he worshipped, his gentle-
eyed teacher,
Never might know of his love, and in after years he would be
saying,
Sitting alone in his grief, by the fire-side, when seated in
Winter,
Sadly: "It might well have been!" O, the youth from that
moment was cheerless!
Well did he know, when the June-days should come, that his
teacher would leave them,
Never returning, perhaps, but would elsewhere be giving her
knowledge.
Far to the East was her home, in the county of York, Penn-
sylvania;
How might he tell, how reveal to his love, his tormenting
young passion?
Thus did he muse; but the maiden, the school-marm, O what
were her feelings?

"Yea," to herself she would say, "when I'm gone far away
o'er the mountains,
Often, when reading my books, at the home of my dear, aged
mother,
When on the ev'nings of Summer, the house-work attended
and resting;
When o'er the hills, from my windows, I send to the west-
ward, a sad sigh—
Often, shall I think of one and the words of the poet shall
haunt me,
Yea, that "it might well have been!" O, my tale is the tale
of Maud Muller!
Who "raked the meadows of hay" and her true mate she never
dared dream of."
Then did she sigh in a low tone and some of the school-girls
did note it,
Whispering 'round: "Is she sick or in love with a certain
bright school-boy?"
O, who may picture the agony born in the womb of emotion?
Who may describe, how a love unrevealed, like a silent
volcano,
Nurtures its strength, and when bursting all else sweeps away
in its fury,
Killing all other ideas and cares, in its selfish destruction?
Thus was the heart of the youth; truly thus was the breast
of the school-marm!
Now, when the clock on her desk, slowly ticking, had come
to the tenth hour,
All were dismissed and to recess repaired, to their separate
play-grounds.
Lo! While the girls "Drop the Kerchief" were playing, the
boys played at "Base-Ball,"
Manly the game and American too, asking skill and attention!
Then spake a lad, who the bully was counted, of seventeen
Winters,
Drawing aside two or three and he sneering accosted his
school-mates:
"Boys, have ye noted sweet Harold, the sissified chap here
among us?
See how politely he fawns on the teacher—how well he his
voice trains
Softly to read; how he stands at the black-board, when prob-
lems resolving!
Even a collar he wears and a tie, one would style him, pro-
fessor!
Proud is our mate and he boasts of his scholarly handling
of figures;
Though he surpasses the rest, who may know but the teacher
assists him?
Often a fault he commits, such as dropping a pencil, and
talking;
Then doth the teacher say: 'Harold, I'll punish you, thus:
When the children,
All have gone home, you shall stay half an hour and in writ-
ing produce me,

"Burial of Moses" or other such foolish, nonsensical writing
She doth as punishment order; ridiculous such an invention!
Anxious am I to discover, what reason she hath to detain
him;
Lads, it is queer and myself shall this afternoon drop on the
hard floor,
Careless, a pencil and then, if detained, I shall tell on the
morrow,
What has transpired." Then approving, his listeners hailed
him a hero,
"Yet 'twere a joke, I have planned it on Harold, and thus is
my scheming:
Soon my good mates," and he smiled, "to Amanda van Stetter
the stork comes!"
Then did a boy of but fourteen inquire, what he meant by his
story:
"Wallace, why storks do not thrive hereabout; so my father
has told me."
Then smiled the bully again and he answered him, saying
'mid giggles:
"Ere you are twenty, perhaps, you shall know that the stork
is a home-bird!"
Thereupon, though not his meaning perceiving, his school-
mates applauded!
O, how condemn the rash words of the bully? Curiosity roused
he.
Lo! On its soil fell the seeds of corruption, which truly a
young mind,
Seldom can slay, as a tree in the nursery yieldeth to storm-
winds.
Loudly and plainly condemn we the fault of the mischievous
bully,
Sower of evil! Then further he spake in low whispering
accents:
"Thus runs my scheming: Myself, as ye know, can with pen
imitating,
Harold's own writing, a note well compose, to Amanda Van
Stetter,
Which I shall sign: Your affectionate Harold; then you,
Harry Skinner,
Shall, I command, when in passing her desk, when to class
you are going,
Deftly deliver the note; how the maiden will stare when she
reads it!
Then what is more"—but just then the boy Harry with plead-
ing besought him:
"That may I not, Wallace Logan! I cannot so jest with a
school-mate!
Look you and think you, 'twere base!" But the bully re-
sponded in anger:
"Are you afraid? I shall thresh you, you coward, aye, grind
you to powder!"
Grasping the boy, by the throat: "You refuse? Say the word,
I shall strike you!"

Then, in his fear and with tears in his eyes, did the boy give his promise!
"Then all is well!" quoth the bully, "I now shall release you; of Harold,
Have you no fear, for myself, I will fight him, if he dare molest you!
Then will our teacher on hearing of Harold's affectionate writing,
Punish him, mates, and in scorn shall he stand then before the whole school-room.
Now, when again the loud bell had convoked them to tasks and to duty,
Faithfully answered they all, first the girls, then the boys followed after.
Order again was resumed, now proceeds to the benches the fourth class,
Then did the bully deliver to Harry the note for Amanda,
"This shall you lay on her desk as you pass her, remember your promise!"
Sadly the boy did comply and in taking his book in his left hand,
Lo! In his right well concealed, was the note, which the bully had written.
Thus ran the note: "O Amanda Van Stetter, unmatched beauty,
Meet me to-night, as before—Your affectionate Harold." The youth did
This then deliver; the maiden then read it, but smiled even boldly.
Smiling, she said to herself: "My affectionate Harold, 'twill bind you;
Lo! Ere the day of my shame shall appear, you shall hear how I meet you!
Leonard Leroy, the deceiver, has left me, betrayed me, forsaken.
You, then, O Harold, this note shall detain; I shall force you, to wed me!
Telling my father that you are the cause of my shame and betrayal."
O, the deep plans of a treacherous woman!—A labyrinth winding!
Full of abysses! And Harold, youth Harold, thou innocent stripling,
Soon breaks thy season of cares, lo! Thy Spring shall be changed into Autumn!
Tell, then, O Muse, what befell in the old village school-house of Wexford;
Tell how the youth was arraigned and to scorn was exposed by a school-mate;
Tell how he manfully acted and how he the bully did punish.
"You, Harry Skinner and you too, Amanda Van Stetter, come forward!
Well have I seen what has passed! Bring the note, you have there along with you!"

Shame it is verily, that such proceedings are kept up in school here;
This shall I stop! An example I now do propose to set forth here;
Lo! Not at school, but at home, with your mothers' approving such doings,
Might be excused; but at school, no flirtations, I tolerate, children!
Now then, come forth with the note; I shall read it, then punish you, truly!"
Thus spake the teacher, the virtuous maiden, impartially spake she.
Laughing, Amanda went forth, for of Harold she dreamed and a wedding.
O, unsurpassable boldness! A woman in modesty wanting, Standeth a weed, that emitteth no perfume, unwelcome to gardens!
But the boy, Harry, in trembling thus answered the will of the teacher:
"Teacher, I pray you, have pity! Not I, but another has done this;
Ne'er have I written a word"—Then the bully, who feared revelation,
Hastily rose and he spake in a fatherly fashion aloud, thus:
"Teacher, I witnessed the scheme! I regret to announce that another—
Harold Decatur, has written the note, which he gave unto Harry,
Saying: Deliver this unto Amanda! Myself did I hear this;
Sorry am I to inform you of Harold; but then, were it justice Thus to look on and behold how the innocent suffer? Why right is
Right! How it pains me to tell you of Harold, our excellent school-mate!"
Now, when the youth, bright, remarkable Harold had heard this, he started!
Angrily, vengeance he vowed as he rose and he spake in his anger:
"Teacher, how can you believe this? I pray you, to read first the writing!
If, then, you think, I be guilty, why, punish me, doing your duty!
Yet you have judgment and well do I know that another hath done this,
Seeking myself to disgrace. If you think though I'm guilty, I go forth
Unto the rod like an innocent man to the scaffold; but hear ye, Him, who has slandered my name, I shall challenge to fight—to the death e'en,
For when aroused 'tis the blood of the furious Saxon that rules me!"
Manfully thus did the youth, but the teacher then opened the missive;
Lo! Glared her eyes in surprise at the turn of the intricate matter.

Blushing, she read and she noted the manly, bold writing of
Harold!
(For so it seemed unto her.) And she sighed and her counte-
nance pale grew;
For like a dagger it seemed that the youth she so secretly
cherished
Should for another affection reveal! Then did jealousy fill her;
Helpless the maiden, alas! Then she spake in a tremulous
manner,
Choking her grief: "It is plain, that all men have been ever
deceivers!
Shakespeare so tells us!" With wide, open eyes did the school-
girls notate this.
"Troubled am I to perceive, that you, Harold, already begin,
here,
Early this pastime of men, breaking hearts with their bold,
forward manners.
Yet, a tribunal of Justice, the desk and the seat of a teacher,
Who, like a judge, must a sentence, according to circumstance
render;
Therefore, I ask ye, as many as witnessed the scheming of
Harold,
Hold up your hands!" Whereupon, did the bully and two
other striplings
Readily, raise each a hand and the teacher sighed: "Harold,
I find you,
Guilty, and now then, come forth and the rod shall impartially
deal out
Punishment due!" How her eyes flashed, with jealousy
kindled as nervous
Grasped she the rod! But the youth in an undismayed manner
addressed her:
"'Tis not the rod that I fear, but regret that you find, then,
me guilty!
Yet, as you view best your duty, accordingly should you per-
form it!"
Then to the platform he strode and awaited in calmness, the
flogging.
Gracefully wielded the maiden the rod till exhausted she spake
thus:
"Go to your seats and to-morrow your mothers shall know of
this boldness."
Then stood a tear in the eye of the youth and the teacher did
note it;
Soon in her own rose the waters of grief, for in tears doth a
woman
Wash away sorrow; but Harold wept not at the sting of the
flogging,
But at the thought, that the teacher he loved, unaware of his
longing,
Might now forever be lost. Then the bully did careless a
pencil
Drop on the floor; which the teacher perceiving, straight-
forwardly sentenced:

"Wallace, remain you and write, when your school-mates have all hastened homeward,
Byron's "Sennacharib!" Then with the classes proceeded in order.

Truly a model the school-marm and justice, a virtue she cherished;

Sadly her heart did conceal all the hopes she had centred in Harold.

Lo! Like a patient abed, lay the love in her virginal bosom;

Pity the maiden anursing her grief in her reticent sorrow!

Pity the youth, on his course of "true love so unsmoothly arunning!"

CANTO III.

Leave we the school-room a space and relate what occurred in the forest,

Close by the lane: As a ship that encounters a storm-wind, will heave to,

Speaking her plight; so the boy, Harry Skinner to Harold did tremble!

"Harold, forgive me," he cried, "'twas not I, but another who bade me,

Give to Amanda the note and I swear that moreover did Wallace

Write the drear lines, imitating your hand, as he told us at recess,

Saying: Of Harold, be you not afraid, for myself I shall fight him!"

Then did the youth in a masterly way, the whole matter review; thus:

"Harry, I know, of yourself, you would never so treat me, but hearken:

Soon as this way, comes the bully, who shortly detained is—the children

All going home, here I wait and shall fight him to death e'en; yourself then,

Witness shall be and remain here anon!" Then his coat, he unbuttoned,

Taking it off and his vest, while his sleeves he prepared for the combat.

"Though he be older than I, but a coward would stand for such treatment;

Lo! When aroused, 'tis the blood of the furious Saxon that rules me!"

Then, as he spake, he perceived in the distance the step of the bully,

Putting his ear to the ground, like an Indian, he heard coming foot-steps;

"Get you behind, yonder tree, Harry Skinner, and I shall conceal me,

Well behind this; when the bully approaches, why then shall I halt him!"

Then as the bully proceeded along o'er the path-way, they heard him:

Thus to himself: "Ne'er again shall I drop on the hard floor,
a pencil!
Truly my wrist I have sprained at the penance of copying
verses!
Then, such to memorize—lo! What an idiot, such a young
teacher!
Scarce I recall: "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the
fold"—then
Forth from his hiding-place sprang the bold Harold and halted
the bully,
Saying: "Now, truly a wolf shall I be and a lambkin no
longer!
Truly at last I have trailed you, you infamous rogue and I
challenge,
Now to the combat! I charge you with having deceived me
and ruined
Many a hope in my breast, now confess: To Amanda, your-
self, did
Write the drear lines! Why deny, when myself, I have heard
of your treach'ry?"
But then the bully surprised, sat his dinner-pail down nigh
an oak-tree;
Quickly he said: "Lo! The cowardly dog, Harry Skinner hath
told you!
Yes, why deny? It was I, not another, hath caused you, your
torment;
Yet, you beware! For at boxing I ever was counted most
clever;
Vex not a Logan! Myself, I am older than you and I never
Falter in scrimmage!" Then Harold replied in a manner
determined:
"Doff then, your coat and your vest and this forest shall wit-
ness a scrimmage,
Such as a bully ne'er saw—for myself, I shall fight you, to
death e'en!"
Thus spake the youth, the boy Harold, a bullock enraged, in
his fury!
But haste away from the scene, maiden Muse, who a woman
art counted,
Lest, seeing blood, in a faint thou may'st fall and our story
unended!
Yet, maid divine, who so often the victor of eld, hast
applauded,
Praise thou the deed of brave Harold, who stubbornly van-
quished the bully,
Causing him, wounded and bleeding to cry to his victor for
mercy;
Say, how the teacher returning—secured first the door of the
school-house—
Met, on her way, to her boarding-house going, the striplings
in combat;
Say, how with tears and requests, she did calm the fierce fury
of Harold;
Say, that the bully confessed to the teacher, himself to
Amanda,

Wrote the drear lines; how the teacher remorseful, begged
pardon of Harold;
Say, that the youth bade farewell to his teacher, to school-
house and school-books,
Hastening home, where his father awaited, impatient and
angry!
Then, what the discourse the father and son had together,
commenting:
"Truly, I swear that to books, shall our son bid good-bye on
the morrow!"
Thus spake the father; the mother proceeded with cooking for
supper.
"Wife," said the husband, who sat on the porch in a chair
made of willows,
"Tell unto me, what detaineth our son? For he seldom doth
keep us
Waiting so long!" and a whiff he did draw from his pipe made
of corn-cob.
Then, as he spake, did he see the approaching youth open the
old gate,
Coming to him on the porch, then he threw down his school-
books and spake thus:
"Father, no more shall I visit the school-room; I believe that
I know now
All that I useful might find and a farmer is surely no lawyer,
Ever at home with his laws and henceforward I'll study your
acres.
Setting aside the good pen, I shall follow the horses at
ploughing.
Or when the timothy ripens in June, I shall sit on the mower,
Leaving behind many swaths; then we fill all the mows in the
hay-loft!"
Then did the mother come forth and she said that the supper
was ready.
Looking at Harold, she noted red blood on his cheek and she
questioned:
"Son, what has happened? There's blood on your cheek! O,
do tell me the story!"
"Be not uneasy, good mother; you mark but the blood of a
bully,
Here on my cheek; I have vanquished in fight an impertinent
Logan!"
Then at the table they seated themselves; first the father in
order,
Sat by the mother; then Harold and lastly the servant beside
him.
Then did the youth the whole story relate and the father
applauded,
Saying: "Your deed, I approve and your grit is the grit of the
Yankee;
Who, in his manner and gait appears sluggish, untrained, oft
deceiving
Others thereby; but arouse him—you find him as quick as a
tiger,

Dealing out blows right and left with the cleverness native
to Yankees!
Then 'tis the blood of invincible fathers, that streams through
you, Harold;
Stephen Decatur, the hero, who conquered the maritime
Britons,
Was, I have heard, to my father related, who leaving New
England,
Settled out here, 'mong the valleys and hills of our state,
Pennsylvania!
Then, what is gallant, is gallant; you did by your action,
chivalrous
Prove to Amanda, my son, and I long soon to fill a fair
promise,
Which doth concern your uniting with Justice Van Stetter's
fair daughter."
Smiling, complacent, the father thus ended; the son did how-
ever
Hastily rise and he frowned at the father's unheard-of pro-
posal,
Saying, undaunted: "I still am too young, to look forward to
wed-lock!
As for Amanda—my school-mate, no more! And her masculine
manners
Which, I have heard are the talk of the village, must ever
displease me!
Masculine man and a womanly woman—two opposites blend-
ing,
Ever the rule! For a man cannot worship an impudent tom-
boy!
Even the men at the tavern, do speak of her lightly and truly
Modesty lacketh the girl and a girl, who in decency walks not
Maketh a husband a fiend and her household the talk of the
gossips!"
Then did his father proceed in this manner, the hired-man
surprised was:
"Dunce that you are! You would rather a gypsy escort to
the altar,
Eh? I shall teach you, you arrogant son! And together we
visit
After the service on Sunday, our neighbor Van Stetter, a model
Unto all youths and a citizen, patriot, Justice of Wexford!
Why should you heed what the villagers say of Amanda, his
daughter?
Virtue was ever assailed and 'tis envy that prompts all the
gossip.
Tame you, I will, and shall wean you from loving a flirting
young school-marm!"
Then did his wife interfere, for she feared for the future of
Harold:
"Son 'tis a pity, your father so blindly doth look on the
matter;
Sooner a gypsy or rather a lovely brunette, than Amanda,
Who shall disgrace both her father and mother—I'd have you
to marry!"

Calmly the youth to his mother made answer: "My mother,
I thank you!
Yes, I shall visit with father the home of Van Stetter, but
never
Say to Amanda: I love you! For truly I do not and cannot!
Nor shall I wed now at all, since the girl of my choice, I'll
confess it—
Punished me, flogging me; since had she loved me, at school,
she would surely,
Never have counted me guilty—but still from my heart—I for-
give her!
For the fair maiden, who ever in dreams, when at night I
am sleeping,
Haunteth my mind, is too cultured and sweet for the life of a
farmer!
Further she did what she did, in the way of performing her
duty:"
Then did the father his whiskers bestroke and he angrily
uttered:
"Cease now your wailing! I bid you to feed now the chickens
and calves, too!
Labor, not school-books will sober you, arrogant son; I com-
mand you,
Put on your jacket and jeans and assist in the stables the
hired-man!
Not a word more, or I'll show you the law and the constable's
power!"
Then did the youth, like a dutiful son, to his father give
heeding.
Soon he appeared in his jacket and jeans, and his father
intently
Followed him 'round; but the youth to the poultry attended;
the pigeons
Flew from their cot on the roof of the barn and commingled
with chickens;
Then to the calves, nigh the barn he proceeded with milk in
the buckets;
Eagerly waited they there for the coming of Harold and then
to the stables,
Bedding with straw the hard stalls of the horses and patting
his fav'rite,
Dolly, the mare; he had taught her to kiss him and paw at
his bidding.
"Dolly," he sighed, "I had thought in the Summer to harness
you, thinking,
You should alone with your delicate ears, hear the words I
might whisper
Unto fair Ada; for well do I know, you would willingly draw
us,
Harnessed to buggy, while we would be sitting, as if in a
dream-land!
O and alas! How the course of a lover is ended! Too quickly,
E'en ere I spake of my love! But be still, lonely heart, in your
sadness,

Telling no man of the love, which is vaulted securely within
you!
She, aye, 'tis she, who alone can lay claim to the love stored
within you!"

Then did the mare prick her ears and again she did kiss him,
but Harold

Patted her neck, as she stood, all contented, receiving caresses.
Then on the morrow he harrowed the field and his father
approved it;

Slowly relenting, he said: "Now, to-morrow we visit our
neighbor;

Son, you accompany me and you soon shall discover your
father

Meaneth it well and pray answer me, saying that you are full
willing.

For I perceive that a son should be treated humanely and
never

Whipped into order, like horses and mules!" Then the son
made this answer:

"Willingly visit I neighbor Van Stetter; but not as a suitor,
Seeking the smiles of his sweetheart, for truly I love not
Amanda!"

Then frowned his father again but he said: "When you hear
of the bargain,

Son, you are not a Decatur, should you not accept the great
offer!"

But then the youth, in his prudence, to different subjects
reverted,

Speaking of work to be done on the clearing and other wise
topics.

Then when the Sunday had come, to the service they went in
the morning;

Grandly the minister spake and he chose as the text of his
sermon:

"Honor thy father and mother"—intently the whole congrega-
tion

Listened and when divine service was over the farmers all
gathered

Under the maples which stood nigh the church and they
talked of the weather,

Talked of the fruit-trees and grain and a neighbor invited
a neighbor

Forth to spend noon at his house; thus it happened that
neighbor Van Stetter

Came unto Harold and bidding his father good-morrow,
invited

Both to his home; now full many a rustic had bowed to Van
Stetter,

Justice of Wexford and counted a pillar among all the Chris-
tians.

Corpulent he, and for each he had ever a smooth word of
greeting.

Yet some there were who accused him of secret conniving,
declaring,

Much of his piety was but hypocrisy; under its shelter

Oft would he secretly persecute those, who his wishes
unheeded.

Oft to the pastor he went with a tale and his manner of
talking

Finally led that good man to refrain from a visit to others,
Thinking them barren and base, like the fig-tree, somewhere
in the Scriptures.

Then he in politics dabbled and many an ignorant rustic
Rallied around the fat Justice, who gave him to drink of his
cider;

Leisurely now to their vehicles hasten the men, there awaiting,
Each one a wife or a mother or sister; for women, when
talking

Seldom conclude in a hurry and Sarah, the mother of Harold
Chatted awhile with the wife of Van Stetter; Amanda, how-
ever,

Stayed at the house and awaited the guests with an opulent
dinner.

Then spake the wife of the Justice: "Friend Sarah, we've
something to tell you,

Which doth concern both Amanda and Harold; I cannot here
tell you;

For 'tis in private such matters to view and yourself are
invited

Now to accompany me to our home, for our dinner is waiting!"
E'en as she spake, came the teacher, in graceful and modest
deportment;

Smiling she greeted each friend, but she stopped not to listen
to gossip;

But to the mother of Harold she went and she greeted her
kindly,

Adding: "Good dame, I would speak just a moment in private
of Harold."

Then to one side they withdrew and the sorrowful maiden
began thus:

"Truly, it grieves me to know, I have punished your innocent
Harold!

For not your Harold, but Wallace has rudely insulted
Amanda;

So he himself did confess; tell your son, I have acted too
rashly;

Yet—yet—and—yet"—but the school-marm no further could
lengthen her story;

Weeping, she sobbed! Then the mother of Harold proceeded to
comfort:

"Weep not, O Ada! Your story, the story of many a maiden,

Losing the lover she chose, yet who knows—is your lover for-
ever

Lost unto you? If you tell me his name, why perchance, I am
able

Well to assist in restoring his love; now confess, it is Wallace,
Whom, in your heart you adore and his note to Amanda has
filled you,

Brimful of sorrow—O, men are rude creatures and women
must suffer!"

Thus did the mother of Harold in prudence, give comfort, but
truly,

Well did she know, not to Wallace, but Harold, the teacher
had given

Freely her heart; but all mothers do long for a double
assurance.

Then did the school-marm reply, in her sobbing, her hand-
kerchief using:

"Madam, O madam, I cannot reveal it! Yet this, I shall tell
you:

Never to Wallace, my love I could give; to another more
worthy.

Yet, it is vain to imagine, the youth I adore, can e'er pardon
Me—O, alas! Dame Decatur; you know not, O, how I adore
him!

Now shall my life be the life of a lone weeping willow—I,
standing

Ever beside the dear love that is buried and bears on its
tomb-stone,

Words, such as these: O, it might well have been! But good-
day, Dame Decatur;

Yet a long month at the school-house and then far away o'er
the mountains,

Nursing my sorrow!" Thus ended the maid and her dark
eyes were watered

Well by her tears and she hastened in sadness away from the
maples.

Then did the mother of Harold return to the wife of the
Justice,

Saying: "Excuse me, good neighbor; yet now I am ready to
follow;

Forth to your home then, we go; 'tis a year since I visited
you last."

And in her heart she resolved to prevent the ensnaring of
Harold;

For like a hen that defendeth her young from the beak of
the osprey,

Even so shielded the mother her son from the scheming Van
Stetter.

Seated in company all, in the surrey—Van Stetters, Decatur;
Galloped the spirited horses that drew them along o'er the
Plank Road;

Turning a lane, they arrived at the home of the Justice and
warmly

Smiled from the heavens the sun and the odor of blossoms was
pleasant!

CANTO IV.

Tell, now, O maid of Parnassus, how welcome the visitors!
Tell now,

How, in this order they sat at the table, well-laden with dainties:
Justice Van Stetter and wife sat together; then followed his neighbor,
Seated by Sarah, his wife; then Amanda and Harold together!
Jesting, the Justice began: "Now, Amanda, show Harold your cooking!
Soon may you be his dear wife and we trust that fair Harold commendeth
Each of your cakes!" Then Amanda arose and she offered him viands,
Such as one gets in a city hotel; but the youth in confusion
Blushed and then frowned and his mother intently did note his demeanor.
Then when Amanda addressed him, he nervously answered; his coffee
Spilled he perplexed and he blushed and he frowned and he answered but seldom.
Then did his father remark, much amazed at the conduct of Harold:
"Neighbor Van Stetter, our minister spake on a weighty commandment:
Honor thy father and mother! I tell you, 'twas timely indeed, sir!
Note how the youths of to-day are averse to the counsels of parents;
Even our Harold, it grieves me to state, is obstreperous lately!"
Then did his wife, with her elbow, give signal to Richard for silence.
Spake then the Justice: "Our pastor, a man of experience surely!
Well doth he speak and his gestures increase the full weight of his sermon.
How he did dwell on the evils that follow a child disobedient,
Saying of old, such a being was stoned and that even the heathen,
Honored the stem whence he sprang and he wedded a girl who was chosen
Wisely by parents, who naturally look to the future of children.
Added the wife of Van Stetter: "'Tis somewhere recorded of Franklin,
How an old Quakeress warned him, a youth, 'gainst the wiles of bad women;
Which that philosopher heeded; now what, may I ask, do our children
Know of the flesh and the devil, the pomp and the pride of the worldly?
Therefore, should parents give counsel!" Then saintly her eyes looked to heaven.
But here Amanda her head hung in shame and she blushed in confusion;
Which the good mother of Harold did note and she listened, but spake not.

Holding his brow high aloft, manly Harold looked sternly around him,
Saying: "I will not dispute on the weighty commandment our preacher
Spake of to-day; yet it seems that he said that a father and mother
Should not ordain that a son or a daughter must hearken, when choosing,
One a fair bride or the other a youth; since the will of a parent
Often doth battle the will of the son or the daughter and further:
Evils arise from a wedding for wealth; for 'tis love of each other
Which maketh wedlock harmonious, spite of penurious wailing."
Thereupon, Madam Van Stetter, as hostess, did order dessert then;
Giving to Harold a dish, she announced that Amanda prepared it.
Whereupon answered the youth: "Your Amanda's dessert may be tasty,
Yet, being plain in my ways, I would rather eat onions and beef-steak!"
Vainly his mother endeavored a smile to suppress, as she heard him,
Yet, like a sensible dame, she did inwardly note his wise tactics.
Then did the Justice, who feared the collapse of his scheming again speak:
"Cease now, each critic; our Reverend surely would never approve this
Wrangling, dissecting of sermons! To other discussions proceed we:
Neighbor Decatur, you know that I ever was skilled in the law-books.
Many a book do I own, which I often peruse; thus to further
What of the laws I already do know and as Justice of Wexford,
Truly, decisions I make, as a judge in the court-house of Pittsburg.
Lately a case I was given; by whom, ye will learn of this later,
Which I confess to be serious; but as a law is a law, why
Strictly conform I thereto; now as dinner, I note is well over,
You and myself shall repair to the orchard and talk of the matter;
Leaving the women to chat and your Harold to woo our Amanda!"
Speaking at last then, the mother of Harold, in irony added:
"Rather Amanda woo Harold; our son, you do note, is so bashful!
Truly, I think, he no quality shows of a lover! Perchance he
Needeth encouragement!" Laughing the Justice, then blindly did further:

"Whether or not he be bashful, from evidence gathered, I know well,
Well—what I know, I do know! Eh, Amanda? Why, daughter, I pray you,
Take you the youth to the parlor and show him your knowledge of music;
Music, 'tis said, hath her charms and 'tis known that two lovers are never
Happy, when others look on; so the parlor reserve for the lovers!
Come, let us forth to the fields!" Then the husbands departed, but Harold
Stood, like a lion at bay and he tried to control his high temper.
Then to the parlor he went, while the hired-girl was washing the dishes.
Still in the dining-hall chatted the wives, while Amanda said:
"Harold,
Truly, I'm much out of practice and then the piano needs tuning;
Then I've contracted a cold; yet I trust you will find entertaining,
What I shall play." She selected a song and she sang as she played it;
Old was the tune—the familiar song of: "I'll whistle for Katie."
Nervously rambled her fingers—her voice she attuned to the music;
Rendered the music, she sat for a space and expected a plaudit.
Gently then Harold, sarcastic these words: "Why, Amanda, your whistling,
Truly was natural! Lo! Like a sky-lark, you scale all the high notes!
Verily are you a song-bird; your voice, I am sure, cultivated! Opera know you also? Your vocation, I think, nigh the foot-lights!
Strutting majestic, a heroine trilling the work of a Wagner, Such as my cousin oft praised, who each season doth opera witness."
Then in her folio, turned she the leaves and she dignified spake thus:
"Much do I think of your praise; for I know that you seldom do flatter;
Manly and firm is your mind, and a single word spoken by Harold,
Really, hold I as weighty as volumes, oft-spoken by others! Thank you, for praise and what say you, now, pray, to: "The Old Oaken Bucket?" "
"Much do I value the song," said the youth, "and I think it immortal!"
Slowly she fingered the keys and began the first verse of the old song;
Deeply engrossed, she perceived not how Harold had quitted the parlor.

Lo! To the hall-way he went; for his mother had beckoned
him thither
Whispering low: "Now the wife of the Justice has gone to
the garden.
This is the story, which Lizzie, the servant, so hastily told
me:
'Now, while the wife of the Justice has gone to the garden
for flowers,
Out of mere pity for Harold, I'll tell you the scheme of the
Justice:
'Twas but last e'en, as I worked in the garden, just under
the window,
Heard I the Justice his wife thus address: Our Amanda
disgraced is!
Lo! She has listened forsooth to the rascal, Leroy, who has
left her,
Leaving no trace! We must marry her, wife, ere the month
of July, comes,
Having a child and its father unknown—O, what terrible
scandal!
Well have I thought of a plan and Amanda has helped in
the scheme-work;
See here, a note, which we claim has been written by Harold
Decatur.
This shall I show to our neighbor to-morrow; a claw of the
law 'tis.
Showing the note, I shall make him believe that his Harold
is guilty.
Then, if the youth be unwilling, I'll order the constable, who
will
Read him a notice, describing the crime and shall tell him
moreover
Either to marry our daughter, or off to the court house in
Pittsburg.
Law is the law and though forged be the letter of Harold,
none other
Suitable seems, for Decatur's are wealthy descendants of good
stock!
This did I hear and I pray you, good dame, give you warning
to Harold!'
Thus, O, my son, did the servant but now to me whisper,
confiding.
Hasten you home, and myself, I shall watch all the future
proceedings;
Shielding you well and behold it is known that another has
written,
That, which to you is ascribed! O, my son, I do pity and love
you!"
Kissing her boy, she awaited his answer. He wrathfully told
her:
"Now, that I fathom the plot, I would rather remain here,
dear mother;
Yet, should mine anger aroused be, I verily fear, I should kill
him,

Neighbor Van Stetter! Yet you are my mother; I willingly
 go hence,
 Leaving Amanda alone at the well and the old oaken bucket!"
 Swift as the deer, which the hunter perceives, manly Harold
 departed,
 Looking this way and now that; to escape from the eyes of
 the household;
 Over a hill he proceeded and once in the valley he murmured:
 "Now I am free, aye, as free as the brooklet that rambles
 through meadows;
 Free as the eagle that soareth aloft, and our national em-
 blem!"
 Then to the barn he strode slowly and weighed the whole
 matter in private.
 Leaving him here in his grief, then, return we to neighbor
 Van Stetter's;
 Now, when the maiden, Amanda, had ended her singing and
 playing,
 Turning about, she perceived that the pictures alone on the
 wall did
 Look on her, sitting alone as she wondered why Harold had
 left her.
 Putting her hand to her cheek, lo! A tear in her eye spake
 of anguish.
 Then in her reverie saw she the past, like a dread panorama.
 And of the future? Lo! All of her future would surely a child
 be
 Of the dread past and a child even worse than its parent—
 the past was!
 Drying her tears, she in sorrow went forth to the hall-room,
 and sat down
 There with the wives, who were talking of lilacs and other
 sweet flowers;
 One admired this and the other one that, but the primrose
 was chosen
 Queen by them all. Dame Decatur, perceiving Amanda in
 sadness,
 Pitied her much; for she knew that the maiden must suffer.
 Then did she say: "Dear Amanda, since Harold so rudely has
 left you,
 Pardon him still; for a youth often thinks of a home-task
 unfinished,
 Such, as attending to horses and colts and would rather a
 kingdom
 Lose than to see a steed suffer. Who knows, he perhaps, even
 now is
 Patting his mare, which he says, shall some day take him up
 to the church, when
 Wedding-bells ring; O, the mind of a youth is as rude as an
 earth-quake,
 Shattering alleys and by-ways of reason, which others have
 planned out."
 Then spake the hostess, Van Stetter: "Our husbands are com-
 ing, and truly,

Judging their manner, their arguments are of the greatest importance!
See there, the Justice gesticulates! Something amiss is, good neighbor;
Always when thus he performs, he some matter important discusses.
Now on your husbands broad shoulder, he layeth his hand, and a sign 'tis,
That they agree on the matter." As leisurely drew nigh the husbands,
Pale turned the maiden Amanda, and suddenly went from the hall-room.
Now at the porch had the fathers arrived and Van Stetter, the Justice,
Said: "Ere we publish the matter, let's swallow a glass of good cider;
For a good drink will encourage our tongues; as we tell to our consorts
How we agree that your Harold shall marry our daughter and further,
Both shall be present—Amanda and Harold—the parties concerned here,
Shameful it is! Yet of evils the lesser we ever should welcome!"
But then the father of Harold in anger and shame did proceed thus:
"Plain as the day 'tis; with Harold's own writing I well am acquainted;
Noting the curves of his H and his D—I could tell 'mong a thousand.
Yet how he has in this matter disgraced not alone your Amanda,
But also us—O, the name of Decatur is tarnished! A black spot
Now on the family honor! Great Heavens! My grand-sire would rise from
Out of his grave, did he know of the stain on the name of Decatur!"
Then did he look to the ground and he spat in a manner excited.
Down to the cellar they went, still continued their talk on the matter.
But in the hall-room the tongues of the wives were as still as the calm is,
Which doth precede ev'ry storm; then the wife of the Justice grew nervous;
Saying no word as she looked through the window; at last Dame Decatur
Broke the grim silence and casually murmured: "I think it will storm soon;
Lo! Is't the voice of the thunder I hear or the talk of our husbands,
Down in the cellar? Would Richard could leave alone cider and whiskey!

But having learned in the War of Rebellion the art of indulging,
When under Sherman he marched—'tis a habit he scarcely can conquer!
Often his fault he deplores and he counsels our Harold against drink;
Happy am I to remark that our son is a total-abstainer,
Seeing the ruffians down at the tavern, when yet in his childhood,
Once he did ask me: O, mother, what sort of a beast is that yonder,
Which doth so stagger and vomit and lie in the gutter so helpless?"
While then the women thus sat, they again heard the steps of their husbands,
Who, in a serious manner approached them and straightway the Justice:
"As I have stated: The law is the law and the law has its method!
Now, I shall tell you assembled—O, where are Amanda and Harold?"
Boldly the mother of Harold did answer: "Amanda is somewhere
Here in the house; as to Harold, I think, he is home with the horses."
Looked for a space then the Justice crest-fallen, but still he persisted:
"Well—then, Amanda! Lo! Here she appears—you are wanted among us,
Being the party most deeply concerned!" And the maiden came forward.
"Ere I shall publish the terrible news, neighbor Richard, I ask you,
Have you a word?" But the father of Harold in shame nodded sadly,
Saying: "By thunder, 'tis shocking! I cannot give vent to my feelings!
Do as you please, then, Van Stetter! Your cider—my mind is awirling!"
Then did the Justice with dignity say: "It will soon be a topic,
Common to all, how Amanda betrayed is, our daughter, our loved one!
And ere the day of her shame shall arrive, she shall marry your Harold,
Who, it is plain, has deceived her; yet fussing won't better the matter!
Being a man of few words—they shall marry before the July comes!
Married—they go for a space to sojourn in the state of Ohio,
There, on a farm, which I own, in this manner the people shall never
Know of our shame and will call it a gallant elopement, so common,

Now in our day! Thus, Amanda, your problem is solved; 'tis agreed on!"

Lo! Like a lioness angered, the mother of Harold retorted, Casting her eyes, full of fury at him, the sleek Justice, she shouted:

"Marry your daughter, your—what? Dispossess you of such an opinion!

Think you, then, that I am blind? I declare that you lie, sir, when boldly,

You do affirm, that our Harold has stooped to dishonor Amanda,

O, how deceitful! I charge you, now tell us the truth of the story!

Dastardly deed! 'Tis a scheme to protect your bold hussy from gossip!"

Long in such wise did the woman proclaim and the Justice in vain did

Try to dictate and she finally ended in saying to Richard:

"Come, let us home! What a shame on a Sunday to act in this manner!

Husband, arouse you! O, spue out the cider and think of your honor!

Get me my bonnet and cape!" But the Justice in coolness proceeded:

"Then, let the law have its course! Then your Harold shall forth to the court house!

Daughter, pray get me the writing of Harold; perchance 'twill induce you,

Madam Decatur, to hearken to reason and law!" But Amanda, Said: "O, my father, I cannot!" He threatened her cursing and swearing.

Fearful, the maiden produced the drear lines and her father then grasped them,

Saying: "This note did my daughter snatch up from the desk of the teacher

Whilst she did punish your son! As you see, 'tis a matter for law now!"

Then like the leap of the tigress, the leap of the mother of Harold;

Tearing the note from the hands of the Justice, surprised, she did rend it,

Leaving it all in small shreds! Like a Juno majestic, she led then

Richard from thence! O, the might and the fury of right-minded woman!

CANTO V.

O, for the pen of a Virgil, to picture the pastoral beauty,
Which like the robe of a bride now bedecked all the landscape of Wexford!
Orchards abloom, for the May-time is nearing and down by the brooklet,

Through with his tasks, now the school-boy goes, fishing and
 maidens are gath'ring
 Cowslips and lilies that grow in the swamps—'tis a sight for
 a poet!
 Sweetest of flowers themselves are the maidens: While some
 are like roses,
 Pinksome, yet others like lilies in snowy-white pallor and ful-
 some!
 Heart of the poet, thou tiller of beauty, O nurture on honor,
 Honor and song in thy warm human depths, ev'ry flower
 of girlhood!
 Lo! Let thy tears and thy joys be the hyssop that blesses fair
 Beauty;
 Thou, who art Nature's high priest, O anoint ev'ry vessel of
 girlhood!
 Consecrate unto brave Honor, the flower-like weakness of
 woman!
 Bosom of man, O, declare that thou never wilt crush or dis-
 honor
 Flowers that grow on the great, varied soil of humanity's
 meadows!
 Note how one flower is fading—Amanda is drooping and
 fading.
 Lulled by the locust of Lust, lo! Her innocence dropped, like
 the dead leaves!
 Guilt from her cheek hath dispelled the red blush as she
 withers!
 Down in her heart feed the insects of shame and the worms
 of remorse lie
 Deeply imbedded—her day is a night and her night is a hell
 now;
 Demons arise all about—the demoniac finger of scorn points
 Mockingly now at her sorrow—O, pity the maiden, who
 yielded
 Soft to the song of the locust of Lust! O, the plague of the
 locust!
 Him too, ye trees, who so manfully braved the dread weapons
 of slander,
 Lying now ill in his chamber—a victim of sorrowful brooding,
 Him too—ye trees, with your odors oppress—O ye courtiers
 lovely,
 In the fair palace of Spring—gently waft on the wings of
 the zephyr,
 Dreams of the joys all about and of innocence ever
 triumphant.
 Dreams of his love to rerise—from the gloom of its tomb
 resurrected!
 State first, O Muse sympathetic, how Harold fell ill with a
 fever;
 State, that the mother of Harold was filled with solicitude
 dreary;
 State, that his father repentant had found out the truth of
 the story;
 State how the doctor appeared, who the fever of Harold did
 banish.

Paint us the scene in the chamber and tell us, how Ada, the
teacher
Faithfully came and administered comfort to Harold, oft
watching,
Like a trained nurse, by his bed, when his mother was well-
nigh exhausted:
Still was the chamber, the twilight had tented a moment in
Heaven;
Gently the breezes did steal through the window, while Harold
was waiting
Yet for the doctor; his wooden bed after the old style was
modelled.
Restless he lay and his eyes had the light of a fever within
them.
Stood nigh the bed a mahogany-table, on which stood a viol,
Also the medicines, which the physician had furnished and
brought him.
Smooth was the carpet and noiselessly muffled each foot-step;
now Harold
Places his hand to his forehead and now to his heart he
directs it.
Anxiously watching, his mother awaiteth the step of the
doctor.
Then doth the youth in delirium fall and he murmurs: "Van
Stetter,
Schemer and slanderer! Here shall I crush you!" He struck
at the pillows;
Then all exhausted, he wept and he sighed: "O, my teacher
is lost me!"
Then did he smile and he flattered the bed-post and called it
his Dolly,
Dolly, the mare, who in vain in the stable, was neighing for
Harold.
Low spake a voice in the chamber adjoining and then spake
the mother;
Soothing her boy: "Now the doctor is here; O, my son, do
be peaceful!"
Opened the sick-chamber door and then in came the pleasant-
faced doctor.
Smiling he greeted the mother, inquiring if Harold were
restless.
Then his valise he did open and took out his instruments
slowly;
Taking the temperature and he looked at the tongue of the
patient;
Felt then his pulse and he spake to the mother of Harold,
politely:
Truly a fever he hath, but it is neither typhus nor typhoid;
But, I may say, 'tis a worriment rather of spirit than body!
Now, if the cause we discover, perhaps, we discover the cure,
too;
Hath he, of late, had a trouble of mind, that has worried him
sorely?
Youth is a youth and the cares of a youth are diseases of
spirit,

Such as first love unrequited! If cause you know, madam,
prayer tell me!
Hesitate not to confide in your doctor; I'm fifty and single!
Well do I know, how the terrible fever of love doth affect
one;
For when a student I was and at twenty, I, one day was
smitten—
Smitten by beauty—O fairest of all was the maiden, I wor-
shipped!
Sleep was a stranger at night; for the face of the fair one
did haunt me!
Haggard I grew and a fever did truly possess me—the fever
Which I have since called, the fever of love! Lo! My spirit
was starving—
Starving from love unrequited; at least, I believed so. The
maiden,
Whom I adored was a daughter of wealth—yet—she did oft
encourage
Me; but her father then threatened her saying that doctors
like poets,
Often on crusts must exist and that wealth and not love, was
the sovereign!
Little he knew that the poet is born and the spirit's physician;
While a good Doctor of Medicine cureth the ills of the body!
Lo! When I heard the cold words of her father, I drooped
like an oak-tree
Sapped of its strength by the ax of the woodsman; my loved
one was lost me!
Yet, since the heart of a man is composed of material sterner
Than that of woman, I rallied again, but the scars I shall
carry,
E'en to my grave. Lo! A man is a man and can check his
emotion,
While weaker woman will yield to the clutches of love and
will perish,
Sinking at last in the grave, or a mockery dwells in a mad-
house!"
Thus the physician his story and readily answered the mother!
"What you have said of the cares of a youth, I believe is all
truthful.
And it occurs to me now, that our Harold's affliction is much
like
That in your youth; yes, I now think, I know well the cause
of his trouble;
Let me relate, what has happened but lately and you, having
judgment,
Can then discern, if not love be the root of his torturing fever:
Lately at school, he was innocent punished—a schoolmate
had jested,
Throwing on Harold a fault and his teacher, believing him
guilty,
Punished him, doing her duty; thereafter he quits all his
school-books,
Saying, the maiden he loved, he confessed, was his gentle-
eyed teacher;

Further, the school-girls have noted, the teacher did secretly
love him—
Which I believe; for on Sunday she weepingly told me that
Harold,
Since, was found innocent; that she regretted the matter sin-
cerely.
Though not directly she said that she loved our young Harold,
I know well,
Both from her words and her ways, that his image is ever
before her.
Evil is evil and "sorrows ne'er singly do come"—then our
neighbor—"
Here the good doctor said: "Well do I know of the deed of
your neighbor:
How he did try to impute to your Harold, the guilt of another;
How, having failed, he the one-eyed and cowardly constable
sent you,
Thinking thereby, to intimidate you and your husband! How
you did
Hasten to summon the teacher, who ill though herself, did
however
Willingly come and explain that another had written the
drear lines;
How Wallace Logan, induced by the tears of his mother, at
last came,
Saying, himself had but written in jest, the insulting rude
words, which
Caused all the trouble; how Richard, your husband, then saw
through the scheming;
How he in fury arose, swearing vengeance on all the Van
Stetters!
How, too, the Justice, well baffled, did brutally punish his
daughter,
Causing her weeping and bleeding to quit then, the homestead
forever!
How not a word has been heard of Amanda—yes, all this I
gathered."
Then spake the woman: "I pity the maiden, unhappy Amanda!
Yet, when I think of the sorrows she caused our young Har-
old, my heart is
Sternly inclined—when our son saw himself grossly slandered,
his anger
First was scarce under control; then he wept and complained
of a head-ache;
Then did a fever arise; now he constantly speaks of his
teacher."
Hereupon did the wise doctor reflect and then Harold
delirious,
Uttered again: "Lovely Ada, our Dolly is waiting!" The
doctor
Beaming with smiles, to the mother then said: "It is simply
a fever
Brought on by worry and love; now the remedy here, good
advice is:

Can you effect, that the teacher shall visit him here, in his sick-room?
Truly the maiden he loved, here alone is the doctor! I cannot Drive away love, as I could a grim sickness and therefore 'twere better
That you permit oft the teacher to visit him, should she be willing."
Smiling, the woman replied: "Ada Roland is certainly willing; Why, when she heard that our boy was a patient, she readily offered
Freely her service in saying, that after the school-tasks were over,
Willingly would she relieve me, in nursing and caring for Harold.
She, too, I fear me, is ill—so I thanked her, declining her offer!"
Spake then the doctor: "Good woman, hereafter, encourage her visits;
Good will arise; for two hearts, that do love as the teacher's and Harold's,
Happy alone when they beat in the chamber together; pray, try this!
Soon will your Harold recover thereafter!" Then rose the good doctor,
Adding: "I think Ada Roland will cure him; my service no longer
Here is required!" Then he bade the good woman good-day and departed.
Smiling, the woman approved of the sense and advice of the doctor.
Then did her husband appear and he asked for the doctor's opinion;
Talked then the husband and wife for a space, when they heard a light rapping;
Quickly the wife: "Go and see you, my husband, who calleth; I'm busy,
Here, in arranging the room!" And her husband, right willing, obeyed her;
Opened the door to the porch and beholding a lady, he asked her:
"Who, then, are you?" And she modestly said: "I am Ada, the teacher!
Nor should I visit you now, were it not that the doctor, returning,
Stopped at my boarding-house—farmer Devine's and he said, I was wanted;
Further the doctor advised, that I watch by the bed-side of Harold!"—
Whereupon answered his father, in looking surprisedly upon her:
"Welcome then, Ada!" He ushered her into the sick-room and long did
Gaze at her, wond'ring, admiring her beauty and modest behaviour;

Thinking, how wrongly he judged her, in calling her—wandering gypsy!
Then he withdrew from the chamber and left the two women together.
But the good mother of Harold had welcomed the teacher and kissed her,
Saying: "Now tell me, what spirit hath told you to visit the sick one?
Truly an angel are you and your coming now saves me a journey;
For I had thought of accepting your service to-night as our Harold,
Restless still is!" But the damsel blushed deeply and answered her sweetly:
"Madam Decatur, the doctor—the spirit, who told me to visit, Saying, that you were exhausted and needed relief at the watching—
Stopping at farmer Devine's, he sat down and he wrote the directions,
Telling how medicine I should administer; then did he seal them,
Here, in this envelope; I have not read them as yet, for I hastened,
Hearing your plight—to appear in an apron and watch by the bed-side!
Well am I skilled in the nursing of patients: My father I nursed once,
Giving him medicines ev'ry two hours; unhappily he though Died in mine arms; 'twas a wound he received in the War of Rebellion,
Which kept him ailing for years, till he finally yielded to death." Then
Stood in her eye a sad tear, but the mother of Harold proceeded:
"May I then read the directions, good Ada? I too, ought to know them;
Yet the good doctor has left none, forgetting, perhaps all about them."
"Certainly, madam," the teacher replied, "and she gave her the well-sealed
Envelope; then she her apron secured and she took off her bonnet,
Asking: "Where keep you the ice? For in fevers, the tongue must be cooled well!"
Then she looked sadly on Harold asleep and she drew nigh the bed-side;
Gently she touched his hot forehead and said: "Is he sometimes delirious?
O, the directions! Pray, let me first read them and where is the ice, ma'am?"
But the good mother, who read the directions, proceeded to whisper:
"Ada, not ice is here wanted! I'll tell you the doctor's directions;

Thus do they read: 'Ada Roland, when nursing the patient,
shall give him,
Every hour a kiss—oft repeating the dose, when 'tis needed!
Signed and approved—Alton Harding, M.D.' " But the teacher,
Stared in surprise; then she blushed and she went to the
window;
Gazing afar o'er the darkening hills, she replied in this
manner:
"Madam, believe me, I'm sorry! O think not, I came here
to taunt you!
Truly, the doctor no gentleman is and his jesting has
wounded
Deeply my heart and I see, that yourself, you feel deeply
insulted!
Yet—'tis the truth"—here the maiden her 'kerchief produced
and she, weeping,
Did then continue: "I'm here and I may as well tell you
the story—
You, being woman yourself—will, I trust, truly pity my
candor.
Madam, I love your son, Harold! O, pray, do not scorn my
confession!
Yes; I would willingly heed the directions the doctor has
given—
Yet not in jest! But each kiss would a magnet be, drawing
your Harold
Closer to me—O, the doctor can surely read hearts; else how
could he
Tell that I longed just a moment to spend, for the last time,
with Harold?
Vainly I love! For I think that the youth, though he ever
politely
Seemed unto me—never felt in his heart a reciprocal feeling.
Then I am poor—all my earnings I send to my mother, who
waiteth
Now for my coming, for June is soon here; then I leave for
the mountains!
Let me, therefore, bid good-bye to your Harold and shake his
strong right hand;
Bearing his image forever along, he shall sleep in my heart's
bed!
O, but a word or a look from your son—it is all that I ask
for!"
Thus she spake sobbing; the mother of Harold then too,
fell weeping.
Loud then their heart-rending sorrow awakened the feverish
patient!
Restless he tossed, as his eye showed the glare of the fever,
then, spake he:
"Mother—my heart is a furnace! There's a fire deep within
the hot furnace!
Ada!—O God! Mother, Ada has kindled the furnace! O see
you,
There is a bonnet! 'Tis Ada's. O let me caress it!" He smiled
then,

Sinking exhausted. The mother, however, the first one to speak then:

"Ada, behold! Has our son a reciprocal feeling? O, hear him! You are his nurse now and wisely the doctor has ordered you hither!

Lo! Now my tears are the tears of true joy; for I know now, 'tis certain:

You love our Harold—our Harold loves you! Now, I leave you together.

Nurse him, sweet girl, as the doctor directs; for your kisses are balsam,

Purity sheds! Happy lovers, I leave you together in gladness!" Then she went forth from the sick-room—her husband had gone to the stables.

Leave we the damsel perplexed, with a heart full of joy and surprises,

Sacred the scene that ensued—and we praise the advice of the doctor!

CANTO VI.

Delicate brush of the Muse, that hast painted the scene in the sick room—

Painted the blushes, like clouds of deep crimson, o'erspreading that Heaven—

Ada's fair face—and a veil thou didst draw o'er the ultimate issue;

Hiding from us, how the maiden's sweet voice did awake from his fever,

Harold, the youth; how, at last, he his senses recovered confusedly,

Dreaming of Heaven; how eyes of the lovers spake words which their tongues could

Never well utter—aye, hiding from us, how the youth in his rapture,

Begged for a token and Ada forthwith kept the doctor's directions!

Delicate brush of the Muse, now portray, how he daily grew stronger;

Lo! Like the breaking of day, now his love resurrected, he welcomed;

Thanking the fair month of May—now he saw the significant season—

June, with her treasures still hidden! Already the teacher had bidden,

Down at the school-house, farewell in announcing the end of the season,

Saying, she soon would depart for the mountains, but added still further,

That her return was assured; that her mother would come along with her.

Then did the pupils bring flowers and presents to Ada, the teacher;

'Twas the last day of the season and all wore their very best garments.
Tearfully Ada beheld all the tokens; then gently she ventured:
"Closes the season once more! Now, dear pupils, I beg you, remember,
What I have humbly endeavored to teach: That a citizen's honor
Greatly depends on his training at school. And we know there are some here,
Who, I may say, are my graduates—never returning to school-books,
But, whom the world, with its cares multitudinous, summons to action;
Off'ring material, says: Here's the marble! Now, build ye, as list ye;
Whether a slab's simple stone—merely telling your coming and passing—
Or a great monument, covered with tales of good deeds and devotion,
Both to the country and home—like a star, that is fixed in the heavens,
Which your posterity noting, in safety may follow their courses!"
Thus ran her counsel; then gave she a picture to each of the scholars,
Bidding good-bye, 'mid regrets and then closed all the windows and shutters!
Then, when the door was secured, she proceeded to walk up the road-way.
But, with his buggy and mare and a smile of glad greeting, young Harold
Met her, then halted and said: "I have come now to claim you, forever!
Free from your tasks are you now!" He assisted her up to the seat then.
Blushing, she answered: "O, halt, just a moment, dear Harold, I long for
Just a long glance at the simple frame building, where first I beheld you;
Where amid lessons, I taught, I myself learned the 'lesson of loving';
Where, when I punished you, thinking you guilty, I felt like the sovereign,
Fred'rick the Great—who, 'tis said, with his cane, whipped a citizen fleeing,
Saying: I'd have you to love me, not fear me!—But truly, I feared then,
That I had love whipped well out of you, while I did earnestly strive for
Whipping it into you! Harold—O say, can you ever forgive me?"
Thereupon, fondly the youth: "You did punish me, thinking it duty.
As to forgiving—sweet Ada, you know, it is needless to ask it."

Then did their lips in a kiss meet in joy; but then Dolly
impatient,
Stamped on the earth her forefoot and then Harold rode on-
ward with Ada,
Taking her down to the station—the lovers here parted at
Wildwood;
Waving her 'kerchief, fair Ada did vanish, the loud-puffing
engine,
Drawing its train and then Harold alone hastened back to
the village;
Daily, a letter received from his love and he answered it
daily.
Thus runs a letter, which Harold addressed to his Ada, one
ev'ning:
"Love, lo! The news I shall give you this evening, tells of
Amanda.
Sad is my heart as I write—for the fate of the maiden
unhappy!
You may recall, how she quitted the homestead; her father
abusing
Her in her shame, as he said, he would ever disown her, how,
anguished,
Pleaded her mother and so forth—I now shall inform you,
Amanda
Perished in grief and myself, I discovered the corpse of my
school-mate!
Let me relate you as briefly as time may permit, how this
happened:
Early this morn, I had harnessed the horses and gone to the
meadow,
There by the school-house; when seated upon the new mower,
I had well
Laid sev'ral swaths, lo! The horses stood still and affrighted
they seemed, too,
Vainly I tried with the whip to persuade the good horses; they
would not
Move; then I leaped from the mower and thinking that some-
thing amiss was,
Searched for the cause, when I saw just in front of the horses,
a body.
Lo! 'Twas the form of a woman and under her arm lay a
new-born
Babe. O, the pitiful scene! Foul the stench that arose from
the bodies!
Well, did I know by her dress and her hair, 'twas Amanda
Van Stetter;
Hastened I up to the house with the news and my mother and
father,
Curious both, viewed the sight and my mother forthwith fell
to weeping.
Then did my father proceed to Van Stetter and tell him the
sad news;
But he replied: 'She may lie where she is; she's no longer
my daughter!'

But when the wife of the Justice had listened, she wringing
her hands did
Shout in hysterics: 'O, bury my daughter, O neighbor
Decatur—
Neighbor Decatur, O, bury her under the willows, that stand
there,
Down by the brook!' Then accompanied father to look on the
sad sight.
Gruesome, indeed, O mine Ada, the sight in the meadow this
morning.
Lo! From the ears of the dead, from the nostrils and eyes did
the ants swarm—
Feeding upon the poor flesh that had sinned and the world in
in its prud'ry,
Scorned and despised! Lo! The thoughts I did think, of a
sorrowful nature:
Pity her World—to myself I exclaimed; yet the pity too late
comes!
For now the blue of her eyes is o'erclouded by night—yes,
the death-night!
Still is the heart that once sent the red blood to the cheeks
of Amanda!
Lulled are the ears by the weird song of death—O, the spec-
tacle chilled me!
Gently we lifted her up and in doing so, learned we by what
means,
Ended the maiden her days: for a bottle that bore the grim
label—
Poison, revealed the whole story! And lo! 'Neath her bodice
we noticed,
Yellow and stained from the rain and the sun, a sealed
envelope, which was,
Ada, to me, love, addressed; then we halted beneath an old
chestnut;
Gently her babe by her side we did lay and I read the epistle—
Yes, the last thoughts of Amanda, my luckless, unfortunate
neighbor.
Thus ran the note, which Amanda addressed unto me as I
weeping,
Read to the sorrowful folk 'neath the chestnut, the words of
the out-cast:
'Harold, my friend and my neighbor, my school-mate and lo!
In my childhood,
Play-mate to me—I have come to your meadow, to lay me to
sleep here!
Ere I sink down—cherub Harold—as often I named you in
childhood,
Sadly, I ask your forgiveness, for having imputed to you,
friend,
Basely the sin of another, Leroy—whom I curse from my
heart now!
O, let this writing prove well, that fair Harold Decatur ne'er
wronged me!
But he has been in his childhood days even—to me a protector.

Harold, farewell! Tell my father and mother, I've gone 'cross
the river,
Never returning! And Harold, in pity, O, bury my baby!
Lay it beneath the old maple, where often we played in our
childhood!
But as to me—who would soil his clean hands with a sinner,
as I am?
Here let me lie, if you list, sleeping under the cover of
heaven;
Vainly the sun may arise and his warmth try to kiss me to
action!
Vainly the ground-sparrow chirp, for mine ears shall be
closed soon forever!
E'en as I write, I grow faint, for the might of the poison has
seized me—
Harold, in pity, forgive and console the sad heart of my
mother!
Lo! For the last time I gaze at the moon, like a horn in the
heavens!
Twilight, adieu! And adieu, all ye neighboring homesteads—
I'm going—
Yet—I would live!—O—I'm dying—dear Harold—yes, dying—
Amanda—
Thus ran her lines and this day I worked not in the meadows,
but sadly,
Forth to the city I went and I ordered two coffins, which
father
Paid for and just as the sun had sunk, gently we laid her to
rest there,
Down by the brook, where the willows, grey willows are
bending in reverence!
Peaceful her rest! May the God, Who is merciful unto the
sinner,
Merciful be to the soul of Amanda, my piteous school-mate!
Lo! How remorseful I feel! For unkindly I acted one Sunday,
When in the parlor she played me the song of: I'll whistle
for Katie!
Memory chideth me now and O, Ada, you only can comfort!
Sleep then, Amanda, in peace! You are more to be 'pitted
than censured!'
Lo! And your babe unoppressed by the grief, which the cold
world would offer,
Sleepeth in calm and its lullaby sung by the maple, where
we did
Formerly play. O, mine Ada, this day is a sad one for
Harold!
Tears I have shed as I pondered the fate of Amanda and
further
Manly, I tried to console in my poor, simple manner, her
mother,
Who at her home is now ill—What is life, but a changeable
season—
Now shines the sun, now the clouds do appear and then lastly
—the rain falls!

Yet, ere I close, I may tell, how my father has lately grown
thoughtful;
Nor does he chide me for loving my teacher, but says, I am
free now,
Choose, whom I may and he speaks much of you and your
exquisite beauty;
Hearing your father had fought in the war, (he himself, was
a soldier),
Jesting he said, I should marry the daughter and keep up the
war-blood;
For he takes pride in the deeds of a hero—so Ada, you know
now—
Welcome are you and your mother; inform me, how soon, you
come westward,
That I may know when to meet you and bring you in safety
to Wexford.
Lastly, my mother sends love and regards and in closing I
also,
Send you three kisses, assuring you—ever your passionate,
Harold.”
Ended here then the sad letter, which Harold then sealed and
he posted.
Lo! How he anxiously waited for answer, which lastly re-
ceived he.
Thus runs the answer, which Ada, the teacher had written to
Harold:
“Dreary the month of July and I welcome this first day of
August!
Truly, dear Harold, I cannot to-day, write as much as I long
to—
Telling you, how I feel lonesome; how gloomy I feel in your
absence!
For your last letter unnerved me—the news of the death of
Amanda.
O, how I wept, as I read of the fate of the poor, sinning
maiden!
Yet, I was pleased to discern, that her last, dying thoughts
were of you, love,
Proving you innocent of a grave charge—I rejoice in your
triumph!
Well did I know that my Harold could never be guilty of evil.
Then I request you to keep as a treasure, the lines which
Amanda
Wrote unto you—in remembrance of her, who had erred on
this planet,
Caught in the whirl-pool of shame, like a vessel, but newly
constructed,
Never returning; nor yet ever reaching the harbor of wed-
lock.
Peaceful her rest! For her soul I shall offer a prayer to
Heaven!
Now may I tell you, that soon will I come to the arms of my
lover.
Mamma was pleased when I glowingly pictured your excellent
habits;

Smiling, she said: 'I am glad, that your love is a total abstainer.'
Though she be old, she delights in the thought of our wedding,
and further
Says, she expects ere a year has gone by, to be nick-named
Old Grandma!
Willingly will she appear at the wedding; returning, she lives
then
Here at the homestead, to spend coming days with my
bachelor-uncle.
Yesterday, also, a note I received from your mother and
father,
Giving their blessing and saying they hoped I might soon
hasten westward,
Fearing the fever again would possess you—but Harold, I also
Have a strange fever; and often I think that I verily see you,
Standing beside me—I fear me, I too, need advice from the
doctor,
You to be nurse, now to me. O, dear Harold, I'm lonely with-
out you!
Therefore, the sooner I see you, the sooner my heart ceases
pining;
Absence is drouth—O, I'm languid and fev'rish and dying
of ardor!
Scorn me not, Harold, for making to you such an open con-
fession!
Yes; with dear mamma I come and await us at Wildwood,
the station,
Noon of the tenth of the month; for I cannot live longer
without you!
Being unwell, I must close and I double the kisses you sent
me;
Harold, adieu! O, be true to your faithful, affectionate Ada!"
But then a postscript appeared and the lover did eagerly read
it;
Thus runs the postscript of Ada, the true-hearted sweetheart
of Harold:
"I have forgotten to tell—I had lately my likenesses taken;
Hope they are finished to-morrow; I'll send you one, soon
as I get them;
Lately, the proofs I have seen and though mamma considers
them charming,
I to myself must admit, the expression is lacking a smile; for
Lonely I feel! I shall ask you to give me your candid opinion,
Harold, my love, on the photo; forever and ever—Your Ada!"
Lo! When the lover had read it, a feeling of dreariness seized
him!
Jealousy entered his breast and he dreamed the photographer,
smitten
Deep by her beauty, might even himself try to woo the fair
maiden.
Scarcely he rested at night—O, the pangs of the arrow of
Cupid!
Little he ate and his eyes ever looked to the eastward in
sorrow;

Little he spake; even Dolly the mare was surprised at his coldness—
Absent his thought and his heart and his soul far away o'er the mountains!
Noting the state of his son, lo! His father one ev'ning, said:
"Sarah,
Foolish it were to delay, what young Cupid already arranged has;
See you, how careless our son! Why, he walks like a dreamer around here—
Often forgetting the calves, which are getting but half of their rations;
Often forgetting the poultry and pigeons—why, wife, I discovered
Two had to bird-heaven flown—when their crops I examined, I knew well,
That of starvation they died; even Dolly, the mare, is neglected!
Think of a remedy here! Why he eats very little himself, wife!"
Then did the genial wife in a manner, most matronly, answer:
"There is a cure and the finger of nature directly reveals it, Warning us, hasten the day when our son shall be wedded to Ada!"
"Well, then," responded her husband, "if't must be, it certainly may be!
Therefore, I'll order the carpenters soon and the house nigh the orchard
Shall they repair—the old homestead, wherein I was born and in which we
Often in summer still eat and our Harold and Ada shall dwell there;
Lo! I myself have seen fifty—I tell you—I feel like an old man,
Nor can I stand what I used to and farm-work is getting quite irksome.
Better it were that our Harold assume all the care of the acres,
Giving us half in our day, let him keep the remainder himself, wife!"
Answered his wife with an exquisite smile: "Now you talk like a father!
Richard, you still have a heart and I'm proud of you, spite of your faults; hence,
Be it as you have well planned: They shall marry; the sooner, the better!"
Happy was Richard thereat; for he loved his good wife and her flatt'ry!
Flattering voice of a woman! Your potency can storm a Gibraltar!
Welcome, exuberant sky-lark, but hence the untunable raven! Sweeter the song of the stream, than the deafening roar of the ocean!

CANTO VII.

Time, thou old wand'rer, thou father of hist'ry and parent of
heart-aches—
Heart-aches and joys—in thine arms hast thou cradled crea-
tion and further,
Nations, like babes on thy lap, have been lulled to the region
of shadows;
Shadows of Death—by thy ne'er-ending song of: The Sorrow-
ful Morrow!
Passing the day of the present, thou badest them look on the
future,
As on the grave! Aye, disheartened the life, which the Maker
hath given—
Merciful be on thy course and instead of thy complaints of To-
morrow,
Sing of the joys of to-day, aye, a canticle raise up to Heaven!
Many the sorrows we pluck, but our joys are both scanty and
feeble;
With'ring beneath the cold touch—the inquisitive touch of
misfortune!
Time, thou old sinner! Transgressor of order and all the
commandments!
Keeping not Sabbath and coveting all that humanity owneth!
Yet why thy sins should we numerate? Tarry a moment, old
Stoic,
Reap not the grain ere the harvest-time comes, but pray,
hearken to pleasure;
Seat thee to-day in a valley and wait for the bride and the
bridegroom;
Stroke then, thine ancient beard and thy scythe, throw it
down there beside thee!
Be thou a youth for to-day, O thou parent of joys and of
sorrows!
Lo! Thrifty Ceres, thou goddess of fields, hast already thine
oat-sheaves
Heaped in the shocks and preparest them soon for the gran'ry
of Autumn—
Rest also, thou, for to-day! For a holiday this to the land-
scape,
Round about Wexford—the village that lies in a valley of
Penn's Woods,
See, how the sun, with aurelian smile, o'er the valley is
shining!
Cloudless the sky; 'tis a day of old August, the month of the
Lion!
See, it is known, that to-day is the day of the wedding of
Harold
And his loved Ada—the village is eagerly waiting to see the
young couple.
Soon will the wedding-bells ring and two lovers united in
wedlock.
Lo! Now 'tis noon and young Harold has gone to the station
at Wildwood,

Bringing with him his betrothed and her mother—a jocular woman—

One, who e'er looked on the sunshine and never did brood over shadows;

Glad was their welcome received at the hands of good Sarah and Richard.

Thus spake the master, good Richard, on seeing the mother of Ada:

"Welcome, Dame Roland and ever thrice welcome, your beautiful daughter!

Lo! I perceive she already arrayed is; her coat hides the garments

White as her brow, which she weareth this noon, when she giveth to Harold

Up at the altar her heart and her hand." Then he kissed the glad maiden.

Blushing she smiled and she longingly looked on the face of young Harold,

Who, for a moment perplexed, then did briefly his father accost thus:

"When I have married her, father, this noon, you may never more kiss her!"

Smiled then the women and Richard said: "Son, it is merely a custom.

May I not kiss then, a daughter?" The mother of Harold then added:

"Truly, I too, am half-jealous and Richard, hereafter your kissing,

Practise on me!" Then did Harold proceed to his room, where he put on

Quickly his wedding-suit; combing his hair in a decorous fashion.

When he appeared in his tailor-made clothes, O, he truly looked handsome!

Taking the hand of his love, blushing Ada, he nervously asked her:

"Love, are you ready?" She willingly answered: "Dear Harold, I'm waiting!"

But then the mother of Harold exclaimed in a manner, all startled:

"Ada—O, where is the bridesmaid, and Harold—O, where is the best man?"

Sat then the lovers nonplussed; they had truly forgotten the matter!

Spake then the mother of Ada—the genial and jocular woman, Laughing, she said: "Dame Decatur, O, know you a bachelor dwells here,

Who would consent to appear as best man, with myself as the bridesmaid?"

Then did that woman give answer: "What say you to asking the doctor?"

Thereupon Harold exclaimed: "Why the doctor is just the right man here!"

Smiling, his father, good Richard remarked: "I shall go and consult him,

Telling him that he is wanted at once; I am sure he'll be willing!"

Then did he leave for the doctor, who shortly appeared with his satchel;

Greeting them all, for the patient he sought; then he smilingly questioned:

"Ada, what now? Is your patient again in the throes of a fever,

Lo! And the wedding-day here?" But the maiden right modestly answered:

"Doctor, you've been a good angel to us; for the sorrows we once did

Nurture, you wisely dispelled by your remedy which good advice was—

O, how I suffered in silence before you so skillfully brought us Closer together—myself designating as nurse unto Harold!

Now, let me thank you! Your strategy in the great warfare of Cupid,

Marks you a man of discernment—another good favor we ask now"—

Then did the pleasant-faced doctor look 'round and he said:

"What's the trouble?"

Hereupon Harold essayed and approaching the doctor, he whispered:

"Doctor, I lack of a best man and hereby request you, if't please you,

Fill you his place; for I think it is meet and I know you are worthy."

Smiled then the doctor; then over his countenance noble, a sad thought

Spread its dull ray, for he dreamed of the day, when himself was a lover;

Dreamed of the maiden he loved; how she wept when she told of her father,

Saying he had to another already betrothed her; then spake he:

"Willingly do I consent to appear at your nuptials as best man—

I, who am happy to know that my strategy made you both happy;

Well do I know, O alas! How two hearts, loving hearts torn asunder

Pine and then droop; I myself was a lover, but cruel misfortune,

Rather a parent's hard heart, tore away from my soul the beloved one;

Far to the East did she go and I never have heard of her since then.

Yet at our parting, she gave me a locket, which ever I keep here,

Close to my heart and myself gave a ring which she promised to treasure.

True to the loved one, I never have wedded—she loved me—her name was—

Yet why reveal the sweet name—for you knew not the beautiful being!
Then may I ask, who will be at your wedding the fortunate bridesmaid?"

Lo! All intently the listeners heard but the mother of Ada—Jocular woman, then whispered to Madam Decatur: "I'd see you,
Madam, a moment in private!" Then rising, they both left the chamber.

Leave we the lovers and Richard, who tried to console the good doctor;
Tell me what now does occur in the parlor, where Madam Decatur,
Heard with surprise from the lips of the mother of Ada, this story:
"Madam Decatur, what is to be, surely and really happens!
Little I dreamed that I ever again should my first and best lover
See in the body! O, I was the maiden unhappy, he loved so!
Wealthy my father and promised my hand to a wealthier suitor.
But when the war with its evils had blasted the fortune of father,
Who, in the city of York was the owner of many a factory,
Lo! Then the suitor neglected me, finding another; but I did
Greatly rejoice; for thereafter I thought I could certainly marry
Young Alton Harding! Alas! I had learned, he was acting as surgeon
Somewhere with Meade, the great general, hero of Gettysburg battle.
Daily I went to the sick-tents, which stood in the heart of our city,
Thinking, I yet might discover the youth I so fondly did cherish;
Wearing this ring, which you see, yes; the ring which young Alton did give me.
But all in vain was my search; so I wedded at last a brave soldier,
Whom I had nursed back to life—the devoted, good father of Ada!
Yet from his wound he did never well rally and finally yielded,
Leaving us but a few acres—I cherished no feeling of sadness,
For why rebel against fate? So I seemed ever happy and cheerful,
Oftentimes jocular! Now, let me prove, I'm a jocular woman:
Get me your wedding-gown, such as we wore in the days ante-bellum,
With the hoop-skirt and my hair I'll arrange as a belle in those days did;
Then will I forth to the hall-room and seem like a spectre appearing;
Then may the doctor exclaim: 'Truly this is the form of May Lockwood!'"

Gladly the hostess replied: "I believe that your scheme is a good one;

Much do I long to see happy, the heart of our faithful old doctor!"

Then she conducted the mother of Ada, in smiles to her wardrobe.

Then, when attired in the style ante-bellum, the mother of Ada:

"Go you now, Madam Decatur; announce that the bridesmaid is coming!"

Smiling the madam replied, still admiring the style of the old days:

"Pretty are you, Madam Roland; you must have been witching in girlhood!

Lo! Not a wrinkle have you and your hair not as grey as mine own is!

Yes; I shall forth and announce to the doctor—the bridesmaid is coming!"

Seated, impatient below, in the ball-room, the lovers were chatting;

Little they heard what the doctor and Richard, the master, were saying.

Now at his watch, which his father presented, the youth looked half angry,

Wondering what kept the two women so long; then he said:

"It is two, now,

Lo! And at four we must kneel at the altar, uniting forever! Now, where is mother?" Then smiled the good doctor and added discreetly:

"Marry in haste and repenting at leisure—a wonderful saying! Harold and Ada, you've not yet informed me, who then is the bridesmaid?"

Then at the door appeared Madam Decatur and said nonchalantly:

"Doctor, the bridesmaid is coming; her name she will tell you herself, though!"

Heard then the rustling of skirts and arrayed in the style ante-bellum,

Wearing the hoop-skirt—her hair she arranged like a belle of the old days—

Lo! There appeared with a serious mien, the good mother of Ada!

Wild glared the eyes of the doctor, the lovers and Richard surprised were!

Then gasped the doctor—his breathing came faster and faster—"O heavens!

This is—May Lockwood! The ring, O, the ring—O, my faithful May Lockwood!"

Then did he fall at her feet and he kissed the old ring she had treasured,

Showing the locket, he prized; then, she said: "I am truly May Lockwood!"

Stared then the listeners all and good Richard said: "Sarah, I'm not drunk,

Yet I believe, I am dreaming, or can you explain me the matter?"

Then did the mother of Ada, her story romantic unfold them:

Telling of suffering borne at her parting from Alton—her lover;
Telling, how faithfully hoped she to find him among the sick soldiers;
Telling, how strangely the workings of Love, in its devious windings.
Lo! Who can tell, how the doctor rejoiced and he said to his loved one:
"May, still as sweet as of yore! Ev'ry beauty-spot still is upon you!
Welcome this day!" And he gallantly kissed her amid the rejoicing!
Quoth then, good Madam Decatur: "Who, now, would have thought of a meeting
After such dreary long years of the parting? O, strange turn of fortune!"
Just then appeared at the door, the stout servant and said that the surrey
Waited without. Then the master exclaimed: "By the beard of old Sherman,
Doctor, I understand now! So we double the wedding! Get ready!
I shall inform now the pastor; we'll witness a double performance!
See you, your bride!" And he pointed in smiles at the mother of Ada,
Who still a blush could produce, just as sweet as a maiden's of twenty,
Then spake the doctor: "Sweet May, better later, than never! What say you?
Let us then join both the old and the new—here your daughter and Harold,
Making one pair—and yourself and myself be a hearty old second!"
"Be it so, Alton!" then answered the mother of Ada; "but get you,
First your old stove-pipe and then your Prince Albert, which formerly men wore;
Then up the aisle we shall walk and the dream of the past have fulfilment!
Nor shall I back to the mountains, to live with my bachelor-brother!"
Thereupon Ada, who now understood the long dream of her mother,
Said: "O, how quaint and how strange, that we marry the same day, good mamma!
Doctor, you father shall be and sweet Harold, what nave you to say here?"
Blushing, the youth said confused: "I do wish, they would hurry the matter!"
Straightway the doctor did vanish but soon he appeared with his stove-pipe
Hat and Prince Albert—then forth to the altar of Hymen proceeded

Harold and Ada and Alton and May—and the village did wonder,
Much at the curious costumes the faithful old lovers were wearing.
Lo! Soon from tongue unto tongue spread the news of the double performance!
Then when arrived at the church, said the mother of Ada:
"Who's first here?"
"Age before beauty," then Ada replied—then they entered;
the church-bells
Rang loud and clear and the children—the pupils of Ada, were waiting;
Lo! When the bridal pairs came, they were pelted with rice and with posies.
Then to the house of Decatur they went and the feasting began here!
Many the presents received by the teacher and Harold, among which
Was a strange gift from her mother—the newly-made wife of the doctor—
Lo! 'Twas a lengthy rattan, which the jocular woman in giving
Said: "As you whipped him at school, daughter Ada, O, whip him again, dear,
When he lacks love!" Now, farewell to the guests and the newly-wed couples!
This is the story of Harold and Ada, two lovers of Wexford,
Quiet old village that lies in a vale in the state of the Keystone!
This is the tale of the wedding, which strangely another effected,
Mingling the old with the new—Father Time, thou art truly a jester,
Parent of heart-aches and joys—in thine arms hast thou cradled creation;
Nations, like babes on thy lap, have been lulled to the region of shadows,
Shadows of Death—by thy ne'er-ending song of: The Sorrowful Morrow!
Many the sorrows we pluck, but our joys are both scanty and feeble,
With'ring beneath the cold touch—the inquisitive touch of misfortune!
Heart of the poet, thou tiller of beauty, O, nurture on honor, Honor and song in thy warm, human depths, ev'ry flower of girlhood!
Lo! Let thy tears and thy joys be the hyssop that blesses fair Beauty;
Thou, who are Nature's high-priest, O, anoint ev'ry vessel of girlhood!
Consecrate unto brave Honor, the flower-like weakness of woman!
Bosom of man, O declare, that thou never wilt crush or dishonor
Flowers that grow on the great, varied soil of humanity's meadows!

Midshipman Alfred and Fair Hilda

A tale of old Annapolis.

I.

The night was calm, the hour was ten; the vine
Untremulous, for lo! No wanton breeze
Roamed thro' the valley slumbrous; lulled the pine,
Green lawn-custodian! Young Alfred sees
His Hilda's home among the watchful trees,
As slowly homeward from the bay he wends
His lovelorn way; from main-sail lore he flees,
Adreaming of vacation 'mong dear friends
And musing how his flame for Hilda still ascends.

II.

Now doth he spy the gate, which he compares
To Heaven's, for it lets an angel in—
His angel Hilda, whom no mortal dares
Accuse of one defect, or e'en a venial sin!
Anon he views the garden, where had been
His first sweet pang for her a year ago;
Anon a glimpse at her blest chamber win
His roving eyes; then passion's pain doth groan;
He asks himself: May he not see her now, alone?

III.

"Unseemly though the hour," he mused a space,
"Can I not dare convention to her den?
What wrong to steal a glance at a fair face?
I'll bribe the shutter for to say: Amen!
E'en now her dim-lit chamber—Amor's glen
Invites me up, to view its happiness;
For it contains pure Hilda—well I ken
Ne'er such rare beauty did a spirit dress
As that which boast the limbs of my fair sorceress!"

IV.

Now doth a roving zephyr stir the leaves,
As if aware intrusion were awing;
The swishing branches Alfred now believes
Are jealousied, for lo! Alarm they sing,
Aye, seem to say: "Intruder base, why bring
Thy passion to her chamber at this hour?
The sacred maid doth sleep and everything
About her bed is wrapt in fairy-power—
O, venture not to wake a sleep-enfolded flower!"

V.

"What, though thou art her lover? Hath not day
Rich moments, wherein thou may'st worship her?
Behold the am'rous sun will not essay
To anguish night, by pressing posies, sir,
But hides him, when the languid fields prefer
Sweet rest; nor doth he halt a moment more
Lest in fair Ceres' bosom he might stir
Base scruples, should he linger at her door
Whilst she with moony night-gown doth her limbs veil o'er!"

VI.

But Passion, night-hawk more than turtle-dove,
Seemed in his breast this answer strange to make:
"Ye trees so bold—for lo! Ye tower above
Her chamber's window-sill—may I not take
Like ye, a peep and satisfy mine ache?
Is she not mine, aye, soon shall be my bride?
May I not even enter, bid her wake,
Aye, to her dream-washed lips a kiss confide?
Lo! Must I go and leave my fond desire untried?"

VII.

Then like a demon, he obeys desire!
Aye, climbs the linden-tree, whose branches green
Come 'twixt fair Hilda's room and his love's fire—
Nay, nay! No tree shall such sweet vision screen!
Its topmost limb he gains, then pries unseen
The half-closed shutter open—Lover's stealth!
How beats his heart, ye may guess well, I ween,
Who e'er sought beauty in rash, youthful health—
Lo! Like a Heaven fair, did seem that chamber's wealth!

VIII.

The lamp, unwilling its bright rays to wean
From Hilda's beauty, watched, although 'twas late;
Upon her bed, loved Hilda's elbows lean;
Her eyes some book o'erride, some lover's fate.
Now doth she smile, now doth a tear donate
To her sweet bosom's grief—the tale is sad:
Perchance of hopeless love—we cannot state—
Yet sad that story and she musings had
Of her loved Alfred, aye, her brown-haired sailor lad!

IX.

How did he long to touch her slippered feet;
 To hold within his arms her slender waist!
 How burn to rob her lips of kisses sweet
 And of her neck to take one am'rous taste;
 To lay his head upon her bosom chaste
 And dream he died and she—his sepulchre!
 Her tresses—weeping-willows and her laced
 White bodice be his shroud and tears of her
 Be dews, to sprinkle her fair cheeks, which roses were!

X.

While thus his eyes her virgin-charms survey,
 She lays her book aside and in her hands
 Encouches her sweet face, her thoughts away
 With Alfred o'er wide seas, in foreign lands;
 Then stooping down, unclasps the silken bands
 Her feet imprisoning; her boudoir
 Prepares, then nigh the happy mirror stands;
 Her snowy arms and breasts by lamp-light are
 So smooth and full, they might well cause a Trojan War!

XI.

Then fall her sunny hair in ringlets down
 About her cheeks and wanton on her neck;
 Then doth she to the bosom of her gown
 A picture press: A sailor on the deck
 Of full-rigged ship; she dreams of dismal wreck!
 A sigh she heaves then fondly kisses it;
 'Mid murmur soft: "O lover, mine, come check
 This mighty passion, ere my bosom split!"
 In sweet abandon then upon the bed doth sit!

XII.

But he, her constancy espying, lo!
 What power may stay him longer, from her arms?
 His heart with weight of passion doth o'erflow;
 What, though 'tis midnight? What are rude alarms?
 Love sees not, hears not future-gendered harms;
 He sees but, hears but Hilda and he burns
 To lose himself among her million charms.
 While thus tormented, this fond lover yearns,
 The treach'rous limb gives way; he to the ground returns!

XIII.

As when a dove, all peaceful in her nest
 Hears suddenly, rude crackling branches fall,
 And wakes the love in her maternal breast,
 In fear, lest danger might her young enthrall—
 E'en so that noise against her chamber's wall,
 As if, of tumbling weight, did Hilda hear:
 Who might at this late hour so rudely call?
 She goes unto her window and her fear
 Awakes—the linden-tree doth minus limb appear!

XIV.

Then tremblingly she doth the window raise
And lo! She finds the shutters wide ajar!
Then blushing about her shoulders lays
A silken shawl, a gift sent from afar
By Alfred, when he cruised near Gibraltar.
Now spectres weird before her fancy trot,
How frantic seemed to twinkle each high star!
Then falls to earth a sweet geranium-pot
Which her all-anxious mind had in the fuss forgot.

XV.

Then hark! What dismal moan doth she descry!
What form in agony there on the ground?
Thus rose his words: "O Hilda, love, I die!
Haste hither, sweet; I have a mortal wound!
Already barks thy father's faithful hound,
O, haste and kiss me ere I breathe my last;
Upon yon linden-tree my death I found—
Its treach'rous limb gave way as I held fast
And saw thee kiss a pictured sailor 'fore the mast."

XVI.

"O God!" She shrieks in grief, "'tis he, my love,
My dark-eyed Alfred!" Quickly she conceals
Each snowy foot in each white slipper's cove.
Then like a fairy-queen adown she steals
O'er stair-way; in the darksome hall she feels
Her way, when lo! Her father's step she marks
Who in half-wakened slumber strangely reels
Awond'ring what young fool had practised larks,
That make his watchful hound disturb the air with barks.

XVII.

How may she now her dying lover aid?
Her father must not know he lies without;
Must never dream that Alfred had waylaid
Her chamber's privacy! Her heart is stout
And thus dispels her father's growing doubt:
"Get thee to bed, dear father, sleep again!
'Twas but a flower-pot that caused this rout
Of thy soft slumber! I was careless when
I sought to close my shutters; let me get it then!"

XVIII.

"My sleep—enshrouded arm was negligent;
Aye, roamed too far across the window-sill
And ere I knew what rightly happened, sent
The fragrant posy to the earth—but still
Get thee to bed, sweet dreams thy slumber fill!"
His daughter's voice so sweetly could persuade
That he politely yielded to her will;
Lost him again 'mid sleep's refreshing shade,
Nor dreamed of ill, nor of the sweet deceit she played!

XIX.

Lo! In her snowy gown she gently glides,
 Like some celestial visitor to earth;
 Unbolts the door; against her bosom's sides
 Her heart beats quickly in its sainted berth—
 Forgotten gale, forgotten mirth!
 She must to Alfred speed and solace him;
 Beneath the linden-tree she shows her worth:
 She takes him in her arms—his eyes are dim!
 How maidenly she chides that linden's treach'rous limb!

XX.

Her tear-drops virginal with crimson stains
 That from his wounded forehead rush, unite;
 Now on his lips caressings soft she rains,
 He in his dying grasp enfolds her tight.
 "O, happy death," he gasps, "O, happy night!
 I die for thy sweet sake, O, Hilda mine!
 Entomb me in thine arms—my life's delight,
 My sepulchre be thou! Those tears of thine
 Be dew! O, loved one—kiss me—once again—I pine!"

XXI.

She feels his spirit is about to fade,
 Then doth she lay her fulsome breast upon
 His feebly panting bosom; half afraid
 She cushions her soft lips upon the wan
 Pale mouth of Alfred—quivered he—and gone!
 Death's coldness crept thro' all that youthful frame
 And Hilda moans: "Here disappears my dawn!
 Now life is night!" She called again his name—
 He answered not: O death, thou art for this to blame!

XXII.

Now stealthy madness doth her mind invade;
 Anon she pats her cheek with her soft palm,
 Anon she strokes cold Alfred's locks which swayed
 Like trembling plantlets in the night-air calm.
 Then seeks on kisses to console her quail
 While her blue eyes in frenzied grief do stare—
 Alas! Poor maiden! She can find no balm
 For orphaned Love! As if all grief were there—
 She lays dead Alfred's hand upon her bosom bare!

XXIII.

O woe! The faithful hound doth struggle wild
 To break his chains, from kennel's grip to flee!
 He sees the white-robed maiden undefiled
 With her lone grief awrestling; fancies he
 She is some prowling stranger; faithfully
 He must the spectred stranger seize and show
 His master on the morn, how true can be
 His hound. O, little did that watch-dog know
 His mistress in that gown concealed, that vexed him so!

XXIV.

Now fiercer still he battles 'gainst his chains;
The maddened maiden heareth not, her woe
All senses drowning. Mark, the fierce dog gains
His liberty! Then like a rushing foe
His frenzied bulk upon the maid doth throw!
In fury blind, he grips her at the throat
And shakes her till the ruby blood doth flow—
That blood is sweet, the greedy hound doth note.
Poor Hilda falls and death is now not far remote!

XXV.

She smiles, for she shall soon her Alfred meet;
What now to her is life? She gasping speaks;
"I thank thee Bruno for this death so sweet!"
Then clasping Alfred, on his barren cheeks
She lays her own; then death his victim seeks—
Her twitching limbs betray the struggle bred
'Twixt life and death. She dies—Ye herald streaks
Of morn shall greet this wedding of the dead—
Of two young lovers on their grassy bridal-bed!

XXVI.

But when fierce Bruno heard his name pronounced
By voice familiar, lo! He stood surprised!
O, why so rashly had his fury pounced?
O, why not know his mistress thus disguised?
His drooping eyes reveal remorse; despised
He now shall be; then doth he 'gin to whine,
His canine sorrow pass unanalysed—
He hides himself—a guilty dog in fine!
He starts no more the timid hare or lazy kine!

XXVII.

Nor more shall Alfred climb with sailor's art
The swan-like "Severn's" lofty mast; nor might
Fair Hilda more her vow declare! Athwart
The star-clad sky the clouds enveil the sight.
Lo! On the morrow—what sad pen may write
That household's grief? Enough! Why further rear
Sown sorrow? Who may change to day, the night?
Let it suffice to note with dripping tear
That virgins plant white roses 'round dead Hilda's bier!

XXVIII.

Ye, Neptune's followers—or lovers true,
Speak kindly of young Alfred's perished deed!
'Twas Love alone that prompted him to do
An act, dissenting from the world's stern creed.
Behold two stricken fathers mourn and heed
Two sobbing mothers. Let the lovers sleep—
Sleep gently side by side! A prayer speed
For their soul's weal—ere lastly in their deep
Dark graves they sink them—where the modest willows weep!

XXIX.

As falls the earth upon their confined forms,
 How doth maternal sobbing burst anew!
 Lo! Sad it is to give such feast to worms,
 Yet meet, that, as in life, their fond loves grew
 Entwined, so in their graves, death's residue
 Shall rot comminglingly—Love's alchemy!
 Which doth but prove the dream of lovers true.
 And beauty shall be laid with bravery,
 Since Hilda sleeps with Alfred now eternally!

XXX.

Lo! Tearfully depart the mourners, save
 But one—the hound, sad Bruno there behold
 Concealed behind a mound; dead Hilda's grave
 He marks; then whines in his remorse untold;
 Then falls upon her tomb!—Three days had rolled
 Across the sky of time—a mother sped
 To plant first flowers o'er the new-made mould—
 When lo! Athwart her daughter's earthen bed,
 She saw the form of Bruno, motionless and dead!

Ode to May

I.

Oit-storied goddess, may my pen attempt
 Still newer praise, for that each visit brings
 Us newer joy; or dream or nymph benempt,
 Thou art a child of sweet imaginings;
 Now dost thou gaze a moment o'er our meads
 And peeping roses hearing thee skip by,—
 A robin for thy play-mate, on thy breast—
 Unhood their coy, fair heads;
 Then wond'ring at the blueness of the sky,
 Will hood themselves no more, nor long for rest!

II.

Now dost thou shower blue-bells 'long our streams,
And near each fence rear'st violets ten-fold;
Or lilies 'mid the swamp-grass, casting gleams
Athwart the frog-possessed pool; when bold
The liberated beetle in brown frock
Doth hum about, while to her hungry young
The thrifty hen shows industry; the while
On ev'ry tree and stock
Hang greenest fruits which June's all eager tongue
May taste and praise; yet thou dost simply smile,

III.

Unconscious of thy goodness and thy rights,
Then niece of Venus, for thou speedest loves!
When Twilight 'gins to hang you brilliant lights
In Night's great parlor, flooding shadowed groves,
Then timidly young, am'rous pairs will meet
Unfearing eavesdropping—still thou art there,
Sweet May and hear'st each word and ardent smack
Of kisses, though the heat
Of passion dwells not in thy bosom fair,
Too young for care, thee, Love will not attack!

IV.

And e'en thy tears (alas, that one so sweet
Must weep!) are blessings; for when showers stray
Into our valleys, lo! The pasture neat
And green, grows rarer still; for tears of May
Are magical! Behold, man's rocky heart
Grows kindnesses; for see, thine influence
Bewitcheth him; he dare not be a stone!
O alchemistic art
Of May! That maketh earth love innocence.
A-bidding her, cease her perennial groan!

V.

Therefore, O pinky-cheeked and light-haired maid,
Be duly praised! When vestal-virgin thou,
Within thy vault well nigh a year hast stayed,
Thou comest forth afresh—same vestal brow,
Same, virgin-limbed—O, rare self-sacrifice
For mankind's weal! It is the April moon,
Declining, that doth light thee from thy tomb—
Thy dreams sepulchral, price
Of thine imprisonment—dost paint for June
On earth's broad canvas—then dost seek the gloom!

To Alice

After the renewal of correspondence by a dearly-beloved lady-friend.—Composed at Rockland, Maine, July, 1905.

I.

By the pines of romantic old Maine;
In the lap of the fog-veiled bay—
It was there, that my sorrow was slain!
It was there that I found the lost way
That leads to the love of mine Alice—
The heart and the soul of mine Alice!
I shall drink now no more from the chalice
Of sorrow—I've found the lost way to mine Alice,
By the pines of romantic old Maine!

II.

Now the night it has turned into day,
Since the sun of my love did rise!
And has gilded my heart with each ray,
As the morn gilds the dome of the skies—
Despair—she has flown to the regions,
Has sailed in a ship to the regions
Of the Never-Again—with her legions
Of cares—to the Never-Again, to the regions,
Since the night—it has turned into day!

III.

Lo! Again shall I welcome lost bliss,
And the pleasure enchanting—heart's itch,
That could lead me to die on a kiss,
From the lips of this angel or witch;
Who bore me again a sweet longing,
The mother who bore me this longing—
After years of her petulant wronging,
Repenting, she bore me again a new longing
To rewelcome the source of my bliss!

IV.

In a Pennsylvania vale,
Far away in the arms of the West;
Where the wild-rose blows gently and pale
Doth the lily uncorset her breast—
Ah, there dwells a charming, young maiden,
The source of my bliss—dainty maiden,
Who had sprung from the good bloods of Baden
And Hessia, Baden and Hessia, this maiden,
In a Pennsylvania vale!

V.

Ne'er a goddess antique had such lips,
Though enticing old Jove from above;
Ne'er a Venus enchaliced such sips
As I drank from the mouth of my love—

The mouth and the cheeks of my goddess,
The gifts of the heart of my goddess,
That so struggled to break through her bodice,
Which prisoned the breast of my powerless goddess
While I preyed on her love-honeyed lips!

VI.

By the pines of romantic old Maine;
By the blue of the turbulent sea;
In sweet joy or in poison of pain,
Do I swear a heart true unto thee—
This heart that hath beat o'er the bold wave,
Is true as the blue of the bold wave,
Till it withers to dust in the cold grave,
Unrhythmic it withers—I swear by the bold wave,
And I swear by the pines of old Maine!

The Fate of the Good Ship—Heart

I.

Have you heard the tale of the good ship—Heart,
That sailed one morning adown our bay?
'Twas a worthy craft and the best that art
Had ever set on the sea's high-way.

II.

O, her white sails gleamed as she rode the tide,
That bore her out on the open sea;
And her Captain, Youth, in his lofty pride,
Dared both the rock and the storm dared he!

III.

And her holds provisioned with many Hopes
Spake well, indeed, for a long, long cruise;
Made of hemp of Pluck were the tautened ropes,
To stand the strain when the stormwind brews.

IV.

At her wheel Ambition stood, frocked in health—
The helmsman he of this gallant craft.
And he said: "We'll steer to the Isle of Wealth
And cram her bulk-heads both fore and aft!"

V.

Now the seamen there were Abilities
And able-bodied and tried and true.
Lo! A seaman's duties they did with ease,
Why Youth was proud of his hardy crew.

VI.

So the Heart sailed glibly for many weeks
And nought but sea and the sky looked on;
With the weather fair and no treach'rous leaks
To test the mariner's patient brawn.

VII.

Then the captain spake—spake Captain Youth:
 "We're now far down on the tropic seas;
 Keep a sharp look-out, for the hurricane's tooth,
 Is sharper here, where there's warmer breeze."

VIII.

But a sailor hailed from his high look-out:
 "Sail, ho! Sail, ho! On our larboard bow!"
 While Ambition, hearing the seaman shout,
 Said: "Isle of Wealth and no sail, I vow!"

IX.

Then he brought his glass on the speck to bear
 And cried: "Mysterious craft! What! Ho!
 For this ensign flies at her mast: A bare,
 Winged angel, quiver and darts with bow!"

X.

And they saw as nearer the stranger bore
 The figure-head of a maiden fair.
 "'Tis a pirate, sir!" Then the captain swore
 The Heart would humble the bold corsair!

XI.

"Laus, we'll clap on sail and we'll learn the name
 Of this rude pirate or buccaneer.
 And we'll board her too; 'tis a manly game!"
 Quoth Captain Youth with a laugh and sneer.

XII.

But alas, for the crew of the good ship Heart!
 The stranger's guns did a broad-side sing;
 And the proud Heart trembled in ev'ry part,
 Her main-sail fluttered like a crippled wing.

XIII.

Then a sailor spake in a hurried tone:
 "Good Captain Youth, sir, the Heart's afire!
 And on ev'ry deck hear the wounded groan
 And see the pirate draws nigher, nigher!"

XIV.

Then a maiden's voice, heard the din above,
 Hailed loud and clear from the pirate's deck:
 "I am Captain Venus, of the good ship Love,
 Surrender, Youth, or I'll sink your wreck!"

XV.

Not a word said Youth, not a word said he,
 For fear and anger had made him mad.
 Now he swore in passion, now laughed in glee!
 Was captain's ever a lot so sad?

XVI.

Thus the Heart fell prey, one sunny June,
 To pirate Love, in unequal strife;
 Still her wreckage seems by the silver moon,
 A ghost adrift on the sea of Life.

Sailor's Reverie

During the lone hours of watch, Jack's thoughts often revert to scenes and dreams of terra firma. In the ensuing poem, Jack in spirit visits his beloved, in the native land.

I.

Calm is the sea about,
And in my heart, nor doubt,
Nor turbulent swelling;
Now speed my dreams afar,
Far from our man-o'-war
And enter thy dwelling.

II.

List, while the tale I tell,
Thou, whom I love so well—
Thou, beauteous, peerless;
See, at thy feet I kneel,
Feel how my heart doth feel,
Which love has made fearless!

III.

Loud moans November's voice,
Still doth my heart rejoice
A love-rhythm beating—
Draw down thy curtain, love,
None but the God above,
Shall witness our meeting!

IV.

Let not an evil tongue,
Tainting the joys I wrung,
From thy lip-given kisses,
Tell the whole neighborhood
How we or sat or stood,
We buried in blisses.

V.

But let mine arms make haste,
Circling thy slender waist,
To imprison thee, fairy;
Then let mine eyes aglow,
Look into thine and Oh!
There, love, let them tarry!

VI.

Or let my lips transgress
On that sweet sacredness—
Thy mouth, cheeks and tresses;
Then may this dream arise:
We—in a Paradise
Of amorous caresses.

To Andrew Carnegie.

VII.

Sweet are the Naeides, all;
 Luring the syren's call—
 I bend not to such, love.
 I seek, but the thousand charms
 Held by thy tender arms,
 Adoring each touch, love!

VIII.

Love, how the night-hours climb
 Up the steep walls of time,
 Monotonous clamber!
 Sweet, must I leave thee now?
 Not, till thou hear'st my vow,
 Alone in thy chamber:

IX.

Vainly the clock may tick,
 Vainly the lamp's low wick,
 May tell of to-morrow;
 Love knows nor time nor place,
 Only the beloved's face,
 In joy and in sorrow!

X.

Eight strikes the faithful bell!
 Dream, I must bid farewell,
 O dream, 'tis a pity!
 Wind, on thy northern tour
 Halt by an humble door
 And greet thou, my Kitty!

To Andrew Carnegie

Considering the enlightening influence radiating from Mr. Carnegie's Free Libraries, I consecrate the following verse on the altar of Mr. Carnegie's generosity.

I.

I will not praise the golden matter
 Within thy vaults:
 Thy millions, which set men to flatter
 Even thy faults.
 For diff'rent source doth move my pen indeed:
 'Tis, that thou sowest intellectual seed!

II.

O, truly honored is that man,
 Whom, dead and gone,
 Lamenting Art and Science can
 Know by his stone:
 For Andrew, ev'ry tome, aye, lithograph
 Shall be rare words of thy long epitaph!

April 6th, 1906.

On Seeing a Crippled Watchman in the Allegheny Carnegie Free Library

I.

Poor, crippled man, thy visage tells
Of sorrows suffered, heart-aches dreary;
Yet o'er thy ruined hopes there dwells
A smile serene, contented, cheery!

II.

Perchance, good soul, thou dost at last
Rejoice to find thyself elected
A watchman o'er the Muses? Hast
Thou kindred spirits here detected?

III.

They say that Poesy is doomed
And Ignorance again returning!
If so, the nation is entombed
And leaves no legacy to Learning!

IV.

She, like thyself, poor watchman, maimed—
To vulgar tastes her honor given;
Her angel-wings are clipped and lamed—
She cannot speed from earth to heaven!

V.

They tell us, watchman, to give ear:
This is a most enlightened era!
While air-ships are the rage, I fear,
Poor Art is termed a vast chimæra.

VI.

Yet, peace to thee! While honor sings
Within thee, literary Hector,
Thou wouldst not give thy lot for kings;
For thou—the Muse's stern protector!

To My Brother William

I.

William, I do envy thee!
For thou art prudent! Tell me, whence
Hast thou imbibed thy common sense
Which I envy, since to me
Such gift hath been denied;
Old Nature never tried
To feed my mind on regulation;
Instead she gave imagination!

II.

Yea, a fancy full of schemes,
A leaning unto art, but lo!
Though sadly out of place, I know,
With my picturing of dreams,
I'll not bewail my lot:
My calling, lawful got
At birth, through Nature's ordination—
The gift to pen an inspiration.

III.

Then, thy heart is moulded well—
A happy blending of all traits;
That rings defiance unto fates!
Mine is but a fairy-bell,
Composed of one extreme—
An unalloyed Supreme,
To Love or Sorrow madly swinging,
Till cracking lo! It ceases ringing!

To Miss Esther Violet Graham

After hearing her sing: "April Morn" by Batten. My
rythmical tribute to Miss Graham's vocal effort, I fear me,
is too small an offering to the soul-elevating, art-influencing
charm of her public appearance on Thursday evening, April
5th, 1906, in Carnegie Hall, Allegheny, Pa.

I.

Lo! Was this music that I heard?
Aye, more than this—a white-plumed bird
With tremolos the ear encharmed;
Such as famed Orpheus, who disarmed
 All care and sorrow,
Enchanting trees and rocks with his rare notes—
Or soaring sky-larks, with their song-brimmed throats
 Ne'er dared to borrow,
From some high god! Whence, Esther, this, thy worth?
Art thou not lost 'mong discords of our earth?

II.

Perchance thou art an angel come
To sing of joys in that far Home;
Perchance some goddess, whose sweet song
Must cheer this weary world along,
 Or, art thou human?
O then, let all men rise in unison!
Thro' this famed hall let, aye, the chorus run
 Of: Long, live woman!
Bouquets? Let "sweets unto the sweet" be paid
And flowers about a flower be deftly laid!

To Margaret

A lady-friend having appeared on the occasion of a picnic at Wexford, Pa., arrayed in white dress and white slippers, immediately incited the envy of her rustic friends, of the gentle sex, of course. The lady in question, being very modest and sensitive, expressed in a letter to me, then still attached to the U. S. S., Newark, her sorrow in having unconsciously occasioned the jealousy of her less attractive friends. Having read her letter, I sat down and composed the lines, which, as given below, I sent to her.

I.

O, why should grief thy dull nurse be,
Since thy rare charms shone brighter far
Than those of maids who envied thee;
When thou didst come, a morning-star,
Thy soul as clear as crystal, seen through eyes
Of azure, parcelled from the saintly skies?

II.

The music of the waltz was sweet
And stirred the psaltery of trees,
While youth and maid with nimble feet
Kept measure with the melodies.
Ah! Through hours of that June-day, I know
Fair Beauty wrestled Jealousy, her foe.

III.

And thou—most beautiful of all,
A queen 'mong sister fairies, thou!
Arrayed in whiteness of the tall
Fair lily—should not Envy bow
Before thee meekly, aye, be made to swear
Thee chaste and white as garments thou dost wear?

IV.

Why, see upon thy tresses light
Waves, aye, a plume of Purity,
A snow-white ribbon—ah! The sight
Of this tells all who envy thee,
That wheresoe'er that snowy plume might dally,
That there shall innocence and honor rally!

V.

And lo! What daintiness is here?
White-slipped feet and angel-tread!
'Tis well Apollo Belvidere,
The god of Poesy is fled;
Lest Poesy should humbled be, her lays
Unable Margaret's charms, but half to praise!

VI.

Lo! I have seen a spotless dove,
Which jealous hawks might seek to hurt;
Yet o'er a dove, so far above
Art thou in spotless waist and skirt,
That Satan's self, a prowling hawk, outlaw,
At sight of thee must flee in wondrous awe.

VII.

Since lovely Innocence wears white,
Why, therefore, do I think it meet,
That Margaret shall walk bedight
In snowy dress and on her feet
Wear slippers white, that all the world may know
That she is innocent from head to toe!

To Molly

I.

To native hills, sweet Molly oft
My roving Fancy hies;
She sees the gold-tipped spire aloft—
A cross set in the skies.

II.

She sees the old gate-way and walk
That leads to Molly's home;
The parlor, where we used to talk
Till midnight's hour would come.

III.

She sees the same old moon, bold-faced
Peep through the clouds above—
And lo! Within mine arms embraced
She sees my lady-love!

IV.

Then halts sweet Fancy here to rest;
To drink in kisses sweet;
To note the heaving of thy breast,
To watch thine eye-lids meet.

V.

Aye, close, as if in dream-strewn sleep!
I love to see thee so!
So loving, languid, lost in deep,
Sweet passion's mystic throe.

VI.

I cannot wrong thee, pretty flower,
Rest thou confidingly.
O rare, enchanting, blissful hour,
When Molly yields to me!

VII.

When she doth seem a helpless rose,
Before the scythe of June—
Oh, then I wonder if she knows,
I am about to swoon?

To Eulalie

Now Eulalie, the hallowed rose-time comes!
 Now give my spirit rein! 'Mid blossoms fair
 Of million tints, the bee, all cheerful hums,
 Thus lessening with song his dally care—
 E'en so my soul 'mid million fancies roves,
 Asipping pleasures everywhere!
 Now restful for a moment, in still coves,
 Where artful Echo hath her lair—
 Now mounts the airy height to heaven's dome
 And makes with playful stars her transient home;
 But when a thought of thee arrives,
 Down to the rolling earth she dives,
 To find her mate—thee, light-haired goddess mine!
 Then, having found thee, seeks the nectarine,
 Choice quaff from Pleasure's fountains,
 Close by the verdant mountains
 Of Happy-Land!
 Then hand in hand,
 We pluck the blue-bell and the star
 Of meadows, little May-flower; bar
 Not e'en the humble daisy, still unprized—
 Poor gen'rous way-side poet, much despised!
 Mark, how yon twitt'ring swallows in their flight,
 Tell, love, of wild ethereal delight!
 O May-time, mad-time of the heart
 On love's sweet potion drunk! Now part
 Both care and sorrow;
 Nor yet to-morrow,
 Come again; for Nature wills it so:
 One sweet season must be void of woe!
 See, Eulalie, how graceful wood-nymphs sport
 On mossy floors, in forests old,
 A-gath'ring ferns and maple leaves transport
 To secret grottos and behold!
 How simm'ring insects strew their plaints around,
 And tease our ears with melancholy sound.
 O, bold and rude mosquito, how
 Dar'st thou vex Eulalie's fair brow?
 Why sink thy sharp, rude trunk into her veins?
 Thou sacrilegious insect! Hast no brains?
 O, count thee truly blest indeed,
 That seek'st on her sweet blood to feed.
 Yet tell not, thou, thy many mates, how sweet
 That blood, lest all the thieving brood might meet
 And drink those blushes from her cheek!
 Mosquito, thou didst wound her! Speak,
 What balm bestow? How heal the little wound,
 Which to thine eyes must seem some sacred mound?
 It swells! Into mine ear mosquito this
 Doth whisper: Lover, heal it with a kiss!

The End.

